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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

History of the Philosophy of Mind: embracing the Opinions of all Writers on Mental Science, from the earliest period to the present time. By Robert Blake, Esq. Author of 'History of Moral Science,' 'Essay on Moral Good and Evil,' 'Essay on Logic,' &c. 4 vols. 8vo. London: Saunders; and French, German, Italian, and American Publishers.

We have transcribed the whole title-page of this voluminous work, in justice to the earnest devotedness displayed in the production of a really solid and sterling book, in times so discouraging as these. A proof of greater zeal in the cause of philosophy and truth, and the cultivation of the highest and most important branches of literature, has hardly come under our cognizance during the thirty (and almost one) years during which the *Literary Gazette* has laboured to inform the public mind on the intellectual and general progress of the age. The design is one of universal interest; and the execution not inferior to its magnitude. By his preceding publications, Mr. Blakey had established an eminent character, and by this he has extended and exalted his reputation. A more deserving library book has not, in our opinion, issued from the press within the present century; for it fulfills the conditions above enunciated, and, as far as nearly some 2800 honestly printed pages could go, has fully comprehended and clearly discussed every part of its subject.

What Mr. Blakey has accomplished may, without mentioning collateral and connected inquiries of less consequence, be summed up as—

An elaborate guide to the knowledge of all authors, from the earliest periods, and of every country, who have written on metaphysical science;

A careful, just, able, and impartial analysis of their writings;

And thus combining a biographical dictionary of peculiar value, with a history of mental philosophy, since the emergence of man from the cradle of national being.

On all these intricate matters, Mr. Blakey's views are sensible, straightforward, and clear. There is no mystery nor mystification in his speculations. He is content to be intelligible and useful, and has perfectly succeeded.

"There are (he observes) two modes of writing a history of philosophy. The one is to classify authors under general heads, in conformity with a principle of resemblance or affinity subsisting among their respective speculative opinions. This is called philosophical history. The other is, to follow the order of time, and give a distinct and personal outline of every philosopher's views, in the precise order in which chronology develops them. Both plans have their respective advantages and disadvantages; and it is a nice point to determine which to prefer. To me, in all the purely historical works of a classified kind that I have seen, there has appeared no small degree of confusion; and this I believe is commonly felt as a great inconvenience by young students, when they enter upon the study of mental science. Generalization on the philosophy of mind ought not to precede observation and instruction, but to follow them. For these and other reasons, I have adopted the order of time as nearly as the nature of the subject would admit; leaving the reader, except in some few special cases, to select and classify writers according to his own opinions and judgment. The historical or classified arrangement is certainly more dignified and imposing; but I conceive the chronological is better

Enlarged 152.]

fitted to impart elementary and correct information, and to preserve the mind from many false notions which an arbitrary or imperfect classification is apt to create, in reference to particular authors and their respective systems.

"This work is arranged upon a plan somewhat particular. It is almost exclusively confined to mental science. I am not acquainted with any publication precisely of the same kind, with the exception of Stewart's Dissertation, prefixed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Every reader knows that, on the Continent, religion, morals, and politics, as well as metaphysics, are comprehended under the general term *Philosophy*. In England, however, we have commonly kept these topics apart from each other; allowing each to rest upon its own basis; and this I consider a better plan upon the whole. It is obvious, notwithstanding that by adopting it, I have, in a corresponding degree, contracted the sphere of discussion and observation; and, therefore, there must necessarily be less variety in my statements and reasonings than if I had launched freely, on every occasion that presented itself, into matters intimately connected with the fundamental principles of religion, morals, and politics. Not that I have altogether refrained from touching upon these respective branches of knowledge; this it would have been impossible for me to do, had I wished; but on those occasions where a direct reference is made to any of them, it is only in order to illustrate more clearly and pointedly the precise nature and bearing of some particular metaphysical principle or system. My aim has constantly been to furnish a history of *Metaphysical Philosophy*, and nothing more."

Such is the plan; but there are farther "some short chapters or dissertations in several parts of the work, apparently unconnected with the course of simple chronological narration," of which the author says, "I trust that, though this method may be considered in some measure novel, it will not be without corresponding benefit, particularly to young students and general readers. I once purposed to make these elementary essays more numerous; but the increasing pressure of purely historical matter did not allow me to follow this course to a greater extent than I have done."

And he adds, in conclusion:—

"From the wide range of inquiry I have taken, the varied topics on which I have commented, their innate complexity and diversified aspects, and, above all, from my own imperfections and shortcomings for such an important task, it is probable I may have fallen into errors, both as to matters of fact and of opinion. To candid and dispassionate criticism I cheerfully commit my labours with all their faults; having every reason to believe, that, as the love of truth has ever been my polar star in their prosecution, the same feeling animates the spirit of criticism of modern times; and that if correction be needed, it will only proceed from generous and honourable motives; and prove as beneficial to the receiver, as commendable to the giver."

We could not more distinctly define the nature of the work, the first volume of which leads us through the philosophers and mental science of glorious Greece; the schools of Alexandria, Rome, and the East; the ancient fathers of the church, and the teachers of Arabia, Persia, Judea, and Anglo-Saxony. The second ranges the world, from the mediæval commencement of scholastic philosophy to the time of Locke, of whom Mr. Blakey is an ardent admirer. Many famous names come within this category, and the earth appears to be gradually lighted up by their genius. Volume third brings

down the subject from Locke to the close of last century; and volume fourth, from that period to the present day.

To illustrate such a performance as it ought to be, is out of our power: it would require many of our sheets to do it even scanty justice. We must, therefore, rest on our warm and merited eulogy; and, with two or three brief notices of the most recent topics, cordially recommend the author to the honours* and rewards to which his extraordinary exertions have entitled him. We begin with the introduction of Emmanuel Kant—not for its philosophical information, but as a specimen of the writer's philosophical good humour:

"We come," he says, "to another land-mark in the philosophy of mind, striking and interesting in its outline and figure. Like some bold and fantastic headland on a flat and monotonous coast, it rears its rugged head to the sky, and at once inspires the speculative mariner with hope, and admonishes him of danger."

"On this occasion a few digressive remarks are requisite. In our historical progress, if we have not been successful in imparting much that is instructive and interesting to the reader, we have at least been able to keep up an intercourse with him, through the medium of our mother tongue. We trust, considering the nature of our subject, that we have not palled his ear with uncouth terms, nor drawn too liberally upon his admiration by a formidable array of pompous and erudite phrases. Our greatest ambition has been to make ourselves readily understood; and to endeavour to carry out, in the use of language, the common but useful maxim, 'of doing at Rome as they do at Rome.'"

"We shall now, however, have to move in another direction, and assume another character. The intercourse with the reader will be partially interrupted by the employment of terms and technical phrases to which he is a stranger. We shall appear stiff and formal in his eyes. There will be an air of oracular profundity in every thing we utter. The mysticism of the East will seem to fall upon us; we shall be enveloped with the robes of the Alexandrian Platonists, and express ourselves with all the solemn grandeur of Cabalistic abstruseness. We shall for a season assume the grotesque habiliments of a masquerade, a situation by no means comfortable to the lovers of ease and simplicity. But we have a task to perform, and we cannot execute it unless we comply with certain conditions. The German philosophers have long disdained to speak as other men speak. We have had no trouble to decipher the language of the French, the Italian, the Spanish, and the Flemish; but when we come to the German metaphysician, we find him bristling with such an array of forms and technicalities of speech, as renders him unapproachable, unless we comply with his own terms. We must attempt to think as he thinks, and speak as he speaks, or there is no good to be done with him. He has a way of his own, with which 'strangers intermeddle not.'"

"We regret this partial estrangement between the reader and ourselves. We have always considered the curse upon our progenitors at the tower of Babel to be the severest ever uttered; but we never open a book on German metaphysics, that this truth does not flash vividly before our minds with an additional glare. It is not, however, agreeable to philosophical etiquette to be cynical or uncharitable. We have great and illustrious names before us, and we shall pay them every degree of respect and homage. We shall

* We are glad to see the work dedicated, by permission, to Prince Albert, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

endeavour to cultivate a becoming frame of mind and temper, for the duties we have to perform. We shall never think of the declaration of a late eminent French diplomatist, 'that words were given not to express, but to conceal, men's thoughts;' nor of the coarse saying of Swift, 'stir a puddle hole, and it will appear as deep as the sea;' no; our minds shall cherish no such sentiments. Patience must be our motto: and if the reader will only exercise it, and keep up a little extra attention, we promise him that he will obtain glimpses here and there, over a wild and novel region, which will gratify the love of adventure, if it do nothing more."

Towards the close of the fourth volume, physiognomy, animal magnetism, Mesmerism, sympathy, and phrenology, fall into the field of discussion, and elicit many striking observations. Of Mesmerism, Mr. Blakey remarks—

"Mesmerism is another physiological offshoot, which has, particularly within the last ten years, excited a great deal of attention among scientific persons in all the countries of Europe. Its bearings on doctrines and theories relative to the nature and faculties of mind, are not very direct or important; but still they are of such a character as to entitle the subject to a brief notice in a history of speculative opinions. All mesmeric phenomena rest upon a single principle, the effect of one body or mind upon another body or mind. The mysteries connected with the subject are numerous, and as yet inexplicable; but certain facts seem to be now generally admitted by a number of professional gentlemen, who have devoted themselves to a candid examination of the subject. That a great deal of quackery and deception has been connected with it, particularly within the last few years, is undeniable; but still there is a substratum of facts on which the system rests, which, when viewed in relation to medical and intellectual philosophy, is worthy of the fair and dispassionate consideration of every philosophical inquirer."

"Facts connected with mesmeric speculations have been noticed from the earliest periods of history. The influence of the *Aand* over diseases of the body is mentioned by many Greek and Roman authors; and even at the present hour forms a branch of medical practice in several countries."

"Touching for the King's Evil, (by the bye) was one of its demonstrations; but, during the earlier part of the Middle Ages, speculations on the influences of material bodies on mind were pursued with considerable ardour, in some localities. Inquiries were extended to the powers of the will, and the effects of metallic substances on the frame; and thus the sphere of observation became wider and more varied. In St. Augustine's work, 'De Civitate Dei,' two cases are recorded, illustrative of the surprising effects of concentrated volition; one of a man who could persevere whenever he chose; and the other of a Priest, named Restitutius, who could throw himself into a state of complete insensibility, and appear as if entirely deprived of life, solely from an exercise of his will. Avicenna, the Arabian philosopher, in his *De Animalibus*, affirms that he knew a man, who could paralyse his limbs at pleasure, by a simple act of volition."

"In the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, animal magnetism and mesmeric inquiries were zealously pursued, both on the Continent and in Great Britain. The names of Pomponatius, Rodolphus Goclenius, Athanasius Kircher, Van Helmont, Sir Kenelm Digby, William Maxwell, J. G. Burggrave, Sebastian Wirdig, Joannes Bohnius, Jul. Cæs. Vaninius, C. Agrippa, Christopher Irving, N. Papin, Fludd, &c., are well known in connexion with the history of this class of opinions."

"About the middle of the seventeenth century, some sensation was created in London by one Levret, a gardener, Valentine Greatrakes, an Irish gentleman, and Dr. Streper, who severally pretended to exercise considerable mesmeric action over persons afflicted with certain diseases. In the last century the subject assumed a more definite and systematic form, under the hand of Mesmer, who has given his name to this branch of human observation and inquiry."

In conclusion, Mr. B. says,—

"The current of opinion, in England at least, is decidedly in favour, at the present moment, of the notion, that all mesmeric phenomena are only more striking exemplifications of the old doctrine of *sympathy*; a doctrine as antiquated as philosophy itself, and which has been theorised upon in a variety of ways. The state of facts and opinions is, however, in such a position, that it would be gross dogmatism to offer any decided judgment upon their nature and bearings in reference to the important study of mental science. Our decisions must be the result of further and careful inquiry."

Mr. Blakey, at least by quotation and inference, appears to admit of a marvellous effect of sympathy, when two parties are placed, as it is called, *en rapport*; and though he denies *clairvoyance* to the extent claimed for it, he does not contradict nor try to disprove the general fact that mind may receive impressions from other minds, and by unconsciously explaining them, make known circumstances unknown to the mind so impressed!

Phrenology does not fare so well, and is, in our judgment, very much demolished, though we can only cite a small portion of the argument:—

"It has often been remarked, and the remark has never been rebutted by phrenologists, that their classification of organs is redundant in some parts, and very deficient in others."

"On the deficiency side of the question we have a wide field for comment. If the classification of phrenological organs be considered relative to *objects*, it is one thing; and if relatively to *mental operations*, it is another. According to the general doctrine of phrenology, *memory, reasoning, and judgment*, are not distinct and independent faculties; but every organ has its own mode or power of remembering, reasoning, and judging. Now here there is, so to speak, a constellation of perplexities and obscurities."

"There is no theory of mind with which we are acquainted so redolent of absurdity and contradiction as this. We stand aghast at the amount of public credulity on the one hand, and philosophical charlatanism on the other, which could attempt to foist a system of this kind upon a thinking and reflective people. If we take then the position, that the classification of phrenologists must rest upon *objects*, we are compelled to have an organ for every individual thing. The organ of language, for example, is said to be divisible, and may be separated into as many organic compartments as there are languages among mankind. And this division does not stop here; for there are subdivisions depending upon the construction of language itself. There is a section of the organ appropriated to the retention of *proper names*, and a part for *general terms*; then why should there not be an organ portioned out for separate letters, syllables, consonants, and vowels? The one seems as reasonable as the other. The absurdity of this classification, when thus carried out to its legitimate and ultimate results, must be apparent even to the most desperate lover of systems. Instead of *thirty-five*, countless millions of organs would be required to carry out effectively the theory of phrenology."

"The charge of materialism has been often brought against phrenology; but of late years some writers, who have been inimical to the science, have treated this accusation with a good deal of tenderness. The motives for this seem rather inexplicable. That phrenology itself lies fairly open to the charge, is undoubted; and it seems hardly fair towards the interests of truth generally, to let it escape upon such easy and indulgent terms; particularly when it is considered that abstract materialism is the most irrational of all systems of philosophy, and the most inimical to the true interests and happiness of man. It must always be borne in mind, that the materialism to which phrenology necessarily leads, is of an absolute and pernicious description. It is different in many essential particulars from other branches of physiology, because the subject of investigation being direct, and limited to the separate organs of the brain, the mind naturally draws the conclusion, with-

out any further consideration of the subject, than an act of thought is a mere attribute of organised matter. When this once lays hold on the mind, particularly of young persons, it is very difficult to be eradicated; and in the generality of cases, where this opinion is early imbibed, a return to a more rational and spiritual mode of thinking is rarely witnessed. That some able and disinterested cultivators of general knowledge should have embraced phrenological doctrines with no view to promote the cause of materialism, is undoubtedly true; but this forms no conclusive argument for their own discretion, or the success of their chivalrous enterprise. The establishment of the Phrenological Society of London was, philosophically speaking, a humiliating sight; because it there presented a number of gentlemen of education and abilities, attempting to do that which it was impossible to do. There was a tacit compromise of truth and sincerity in its very formation. It was an attempt to unite light with darkness, folly with wisdom, and religion with atheism. And the truth of this was soon made manifest by the sudden and complete disruption of the whole Society."

And apropos—"The most full and practical development of the doctrine of Temperaments, is unquestionably Huarte's Spanish work. This author attempted to do what the most zealous of the Phrenologists of the present day have endeavoured to accomplish; that is, to ground early education upon certain physical or bodily qualifications or aptitudes. The speculations of the Spanish author are infinitely more ingenious, and scientifically developed, than any thing to be found in Combe's work relative to the bearings of Phrenology on general instruction."

We have only to repeat that no good library of useful knowledge can dispense with Blakey's "History of the Philosophy of Mind" upon its shelves."

NEW NOVEL.

Percy: or, The Old Love and the New. By the Author of the "Hen-pecked Husband." 3 vols. Newby.

There is an auld Scottish ballad,—

"'Tis good to be merry and wise,
'Tis good to be honest and true;
'Tis good to be off wi' the auld love,
Before ye are on wi' the new."

And this novel is an illustration of that text. Led on by circumstances, the heroine, Edith Aspinall, gets fixed upon the horns of the dilemma; and as too many lovers, like too many cooks, are apt to spoil the broth, the plot, interest, and *dénouement* frame themselves upon the cornucopias aforesaid. Our very favourable opinion of the writer, as witnessed by our verdict on the preceding work, is not changed by the present production, though we cannot consider it to be an improvement on the first. Let us say why; whilst we acknowledge the same observant talent for estimating human character, and the same neat touches of human nature."

But neither are so consistently represented or developed in this story; and the defect is rendered more than commonly conspicuous by the pains the author has taken to tell us what was meant to be, and what departs from the intention in the execution. Thus, the two principal male characters are introduced to the reader, as, No. 1.—

"The elder of the two, a dark handsome man, in spite of a set of irregular features, but the cynical expression of his face, the satirical curl of his mouth, and the searching glance of his half-closed, deep-set eyes, marred the whole effect of an otherwise attractive countenance. He was young—about four and thirty perhaps—but his jet black hair was thin about the temples, and he looked old of his age, for the lines about his face were strongly marked, and the tone of his voice even, bespoke the *blasé* man of the world."

No. 2, "his companion, was a very different order of being; much younger, (we will give the former at least eight years of seniority,) and full of the life and vigour of early days; he was talking with a vivacity which seemed only to increase the satirical curl round his friend's compressed lips, and add to, rather than di-

minish, the listening anxious joyous look of his features that contrasted by the Claude S.

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minish, the air of intense ennui with which he was listening to him. The open, happy, yet somewhat anxious face, belonged to Frank Percy, whose light joyous heart brightened one of the handsomest sets of features that the eye could well rest upon; whilst that contracted brow and scrutinizing eye was owned by the accomplished scholar, and widely travelled, Claude Sinclair."

Thus they set out, the one a cynical, envious man of the world, and the other an open ingenuous young soldier. The former turns out a true passionate lover, and the latter a blackguard of some fashion. Now, it is true that circumstances, and especially where woman is concerned, may rekindle the fires of a "blaze" of thirty-four, and restore him to fine and high feelings; but in this instance it seems overdue.* And in the second case, that of Percy, we cannot credit one of the good qualities ascribed to him, from beginning to end, when we read of his miserably foolish conduct towards his (Sir Anthony Absolute) uncle, and the infamous wager upon destroying the reputation and happiness of his lovely and innocent aunt, by converting her into a worthless flirt. He is described to us as volatile, but made to act the part of a heartless and hardened scoundrel, whose good propensities are barriers of straws to every fickle caprice and wicked intention. Other characters equally depart from their original conception; as, for example, Percy's friend Beckenham, who is presented as a person of inferior intellect, but concludes with being one of the most sensible and astute individuals in the novel.

Whilst thus criticising the general bearing of Percy, we must take leave to add, that though there is life and truth enough in the book, there is more than is fit for publication. We will follow up our observations with a few specimens of the bad and the good, either in taste or judgment. A young artless girl is reflecting on indications of liking or not liking displayed in an evening party; and we read,—

"Suddenly, however, just as streaks of daylight begin to glimmer in the horizon out of the darkness of night, there entered into Amy Compton's mind a faint clue to Mr. Sinclair's conduct of late; not only as regarded that conversation, but his whole conduct, which had more than once puzzled her.

"It is Edith," said she to herself; 'Edith is the cause of all this; he is beginning to appreciate her—perhaps even now he feels more than he would own to himself, yet sufficient to make the idea of a rival intolerable, and the probability of one, torture to him; he thinks Mr. Percy is that rival, and Edith—unintentionally perhaps—is encouraging his suspicions, to her own irreparable injury.'

Now, we ask ourselves, is not this too deep and too metaphysical for the simple wench, who is in the next sentence so smartly portrayed as one who, "since her own engagement, had taken up a sentiment, generally entertained amongst engaged young ladies—namely, that marriage is essential to the happiness of the whole world, and that no one should throw away a good chance."

Frank is disinherited; and we have the following observation, which appears to be the strangest definition we remember to have met with of a man's not feeling a calamity!

"Sinclair, in spite of what he saw, still adhered to the opinion which he had originally expressed to Edith—that Frank did not in reality feel the blow; it had annoyed him, because it had wounded his self-love and vanity, and taught him, or rather made him fancy, that, robbed of his worldly advantages, he had sunk into insignificance."

What more mortifying would you have? We shall now offer some of the mosaic of Percy's character, (the noble-minded and straightforward youth to whom we were introduced in Chapter I.):—

* *Ex. gr.* A week or two after their first acquaintance, — And yet, how he admired her!—true—but admiration is not love—and Sinclair was one who had never yet seen the woman worthy, according to his ideas, of the latter feeling. He looked upon love as a very holy sentiment—one too exalted to be lightly spoken of, even—but he could admire deeply and warmly, and it was admiration, sincere and profound, with which Edith Aspinell had inspired him."

"The partiality of Beatrice for Percy was fully returned by him; he liked her exceedingly, admired her rapturously, and had even forgiven his uncle for marrying her; altogether he had but one fault to find, and that was, she either could not, or would not, flirt; and as flirting was the essence of Frank Percy's life, he thought it very 'allow' to be constantly in the society of an exceedingly pretty young married woman, and yet to have failed in every effort to teach her to talk nonsense and coquet like the rest of the world. She was so dreadfully artless, so obstinately child-like,—there was no possibility of sitting out quadrilles in a corner with her, or talking sentiment between the waltzes in an alcove with a window, and voluminous muslin draperies; she was always for finding the General when the dance was over, always wondering where he was, if she happened not to see him, and always watching him and making telegraphic and smiling signals of her enjoyment at the moment, if he were anywhere within the range of her sight."

She is his aunt, the truly innocent and very young girl whom the old General has married out of pique to his nephew, Master Percy; and no wonder, considering the impertinent way he treated him. And what think you he does for the lady he so likes, &c., and to whom he owes unbounded gratitude? Listen:

"Every week now saw Mrs. Haviland launched in a wider and gayer circle; every night saw her in fresh scenes of dissipation, and in these, giddy with pleasure and intoxicated with admiration, all she remembered was, the injunction of Frank, not to make herself conspicuous by a course of conduct which the world would call prudery; consequently she did not now draw back, as heretofore, when compliments were whispered in her ear—neither did she blush so 'rosy red,' when flattery assailed her—she now laughed where once she blushed, and merely looked indifferent, where once she had looked indignant."

"She improves," said one of a knot of young men who were one evening watching her at a brilliant ball, as they clustered together at the end of a long-supper table, 'she gets on admirably, Percy; thanks to you!—we never gave you credit for such talents.'

"Because we never thought you had a pupil who was apt enough to benefit by your instructions," added another, 'but now we congratulate you.'

"The worst in," said a third 'she will never improve beyond the pitch she has just attained; she is a nice little woman, but she has no spirit—no fun—she is like gooseberry wine—froths for a moment, and then subsides into insipidity.'

"Percy had for some time listened to remarks of this kind—his eye all the time on Beatrice, who was laughing and talking to her different partners without distinguishing any one in particular; the speakers were his three friends Beckenham, Lord Hetheringham, and Sir Sidney Cunliffe, but no sooner had he finished the ice over which he had been lingering, than he suddenly spoke himself.

"Come!" he exclaimed, 'a wager—a fifty guinea wager—will any of you bet me fifty guineas that in six months, if I am so long in England, I do not make that little woman the most accomplished flirt in London!'

"Done!" they all cried, with ready acquiescence—"and we will make it a year if you like—you will not do it in a year—you cannot—the seraphic nature will spurn the tutorage;" and a hearty laugh went round as Lord Hetheringham's languid voice exhaled the latter sentence.

"I should not mind doubling the bet," said Captain Beckenham.

"I take you at your word, and expect to clear a good two hundred," returned Frank, and thus was a wager registered."

The looseness of this "sort of thing" is much to be reprehended; but we are talking of the work critically, and we fancy the character sunk so low, that it is not easy to make even half a hero of it through the remaining two volumes and a half. And again, when his pure and unconscious aunt consults him about the propriety or impropriety of showing a letter she has received, to her husband, we read,—

"Ought I to show this letter to the General or not?"

"This was indeed a difficult question, even for Percy, and he knew not what to say; dearly did he love a little bit of mystery, and furious would he have been had he thought all his tender epistles to his thousand and one loves, had been laid by them before the unsentimental eyes of their respective and respectable husbands; thus, having in his own mind set down Henry Elliotson's epistle as a species of love-letter, he had a kind of fellow-feeling for him;—but then—Beatrice! she was not one of the world—of his world—it was cruel to teach her deceit! and he almost wondered at one so open and truthful having a doubt as to how she should act in such a case; yet still, Frank Percy could not so completely shake off his own nature as to say—

"Show it!"

And so he sophisticates with her, and prevails that she shall not do what in right and duty she ought. We are sick of this gentleman and his good qualities. Poor Beatrice! "in her guileless ignorance she was going blindly on, and the hand that led her was his own!—Hardened as he was, a sense of littleness crept over him as these thoughts rushed into his mind, and he looked at the young creature before him with a new and heightened interest. What a pity it seemed to spoil her!"

Purity may be tarnished, but is not readily corrupted, and some of the bits about Beatrice are worthy of the writer's talent:—

"From this, Beatrice gathered that her respected husband was very particular as to what people thought of her, and she grew more timid, when out with him, than she had ever been before, even; she had always been a little afraid of him, but it was the fear of veneration—now it was the dread of his disapprobation, and the consequence was, she never uttered a syllable as she sat at the head of his constantly-crowded dinner table, without glancing, like a frightened hare, at his countenance, to see if she had said right or wrong."

And then, on the same subject, we have a genuine picture of life, where there is not wanton depravity,—namely, the picture of sincere affection in a young creature who has wedded an old man. He is declared to be dying; and "the burst of wild anguish from that young creature, touched, but also surprised Frank Percy more than he could express. No words of consolation comforted her, and her grief seemed as genuine as it was unrestrained. He had never seen such grief, and certainly had never imagined her love for her husband to be so great."

"Of this, however, he had, in the few succeeding days, ample proof. The General never rallied to sensibility, but still by his side, his faithful attendant clung to the last, and when the sad scene closed, and all became convinced that mortal aid was in vain, Percy left the house vividly impressed with the generous warmth and depth of character displayed by the young widow, as well as by the resignation with which she bore the blow when all was over."

We would contrast this with the novelist staple of faithless wives who had married men, rather more than the Novel standard, older than themselves, or, *proh pudor!* old enough to be their fathers, and yet probably within a few years the fathers of their very fine families. We are not going to descend upon equal or unequal matches in point of age, but only to point out the silly nonsense of the general class of fiction-writers, in making the difference of a few years, instead of dispositions, characters, and conduct, the foundations for their plots and infidelities. Our experience in life teaches us to believe that there is more happiness at the end of a quarter of a century (should matters last) between what might be termed unions rather disproportioned in years and those which have been formed on more equal terms in that respect. An old horse breaks in a young one; and the young one draws well for the old. But two young d—ls harnessed together, though very delightful too, are apt to pull widely different ways in the long run.

After this dissertation, we have only to say of the novel in hand, that the story is skilfully involved and elaborated; the characters, if not consistent, still partaking strongly of individual interest; and the whole

superior to the general run of these publications. The occasional smartness is not easily shown: but here is a sample. Percy seeks his friend Beckenham in profound distress of mind, as regards his love affair:—

"We are old friends, Beckenham—I have trusted you before this—can I trust you now?"

"The first thought that struck Beckenham was, that Percy was a ruined man, and he looked grave and grieved; Beckenham knew his friend was always in some pecuniary dilemma, and now, visions rose up before him, of heaps and heaps of lost gold, and, perhaps, Havilands itself mortgaged, or gone!"

There is a little fault in working up the *dénouement*, where Percy is so determined to challenge a rival who, he knows, would not, on principle, accept his challenge; but altogether this is a very clever production, and our remarks, though somewhat adverse, would not have been wasted on one of less interest and merit.

PERVERSION OF FINE ARTS.

Cruikshank's Comic Annual for 1849. Bogue.

We last week hurriedly shook hands with George to welcome him again on his Annual appearance; but must now have a little farther conversation with him, at leisure. We thank him for the *jeu d'esprit* of a railway trip from the Waterloo terminus to Nine Elms, the side accompaniments running along the text of which are as clever as anything "in little" that he ever conceived. They are all exceedingly droll, the view of Vauxhall bridge unique, and "the way out" no mistake, though the parent of fifty per diem. From the other contents, we would select the "Valuable Advice to Persons about to Marry," not only for its humour and useful good sense, but for its having taken up a subject which the *Literary Gazette* has, more than once, more gravely handled. We allude to the new and well-puffed fine-art manufactures, among the most prominent of which are those to which the name of Felix Summerley (translated—*felix*, happy if he sell; *summer*, warm and pleasant enjoyment thereafter; *ley*, or *lie*, humbug to catch purchasers) is appended; though there are other competitors in the market, equally tasteless, inconvenient, and expensive. Our satirist takes up the matter in a funny vein, and says—

"We can imagine a fond but imprudent couple going to Felix Summerley's beautiful Emporium of Art Manufactures. They have no more money than they can spare, but the husband has an eye for the beautiful, and the wife likes—and where is the woman that does not?—to have everything of the best. They are tossed about on the beautiful carpets and lovely counterpanes quite dazzled with the glittering warming-pans, inflamed with the glowing coal-scuttles of every possible age and period, whilst each bright poker they touch burns them to buy it. They go on hopping from one easy chair to another, now dwelling on a carved Ardevelde sofa, now conversing with a gothic dumb-waiter, dumbfounded the next minute by the sweetest *causene* of the middle ages, till they come to a lovely bedstead, where they pause and linger in speechless admiration. At last exclaims the enraptured—

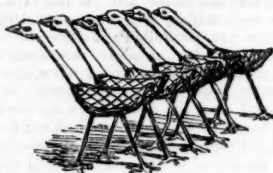


"Emma. 'Oh, how lovely! Look, Edwin, dear, how beautifully it is decorated!'

"Edwin. 'Yes, but they might have selected some better subject. It would not be very pleasant, I

imagine, to wake up in the middle of the night and see people killing one another before your sleepy eyes. But it's wonderfully painted to be sure. That man with the sword through him is quite a bit of real life. However, King John is of a more peaceful nature. Send the latter home, if you please.'

And so they go on, like Eve being tempted and tempting Adam, as the annexed little bits may testify:—



"Emma. 'Oh, what dear funny chairs.'

"Shoyman. 'They're the latest discovery in Gothic manufactures; copied from a rare hieroglyphic on the tomb of Cheops. The Earl of Peckham has six dozen exactly similar.'

"Edwin. 'Very peculiar—they will do for the hall. What is this, pray? It looks like a cross between an altar and a sideboard.'



"Shoyman. 'Excuse me, sir, that is a washing-stand—the only one of the kind. It was made for the Grand Duke Skrubisknosklenoff, but his lamented death has left it on our hands. We can let you have it a great bargain.'

"Emma (*ecstatically*). 'Oh, darling Edwin, do have it, dear.'

"Shoyman. 'Thank you, sir'

"Emma. 'Oh, stop one minute—look here—did you ever? Isn't it elegant? What is it, pray?'



"Shoyman. 'Why, ma'am, that is a clothes-horse—made from a drawing of Edwin Landseer's. Prince Albert has the companion to it.'

"Emma. 'Oh, do buy it, Edwin; I won't ask you for anything else, indeed.'

"Edwin. 'Very well, then; but mind, it's to be the last.'

But it is not; the articles are sent home, and "the future husband reads out the following bill:—

	£	s.	d.
To a beautiful historical Louis Quatorze French bedstead, designed by Chalon (very cheap)	35	0	0
To one Egyptian clothes-horse, the favourite design of Edwin Landseer	15	10	0
To one 'blackman's teapot,' in the very best superfine wedgewood (a rich curiosity)	7	2	4½
To a magnificent blind—a pure Corbould	40	10	0
To six Gothic Swan-of-Avon Egyptian chairs	60	0	0
To one Stonehenge dressing-table	25	11	2
To one Grecian washing-stand (a decided bargain)	102	0	0
Sum total	£286	13	6½

"We need not repeat the lady's fierce commentaries, or the gentleman's running fire of explosive criticisms upon the various items of the above little bill. Suffice it to say, the art-manufacture goods were returned, and Edwin and Emma bought at an auction the next day articles that suited their purpose just as well for £12 14s. They admitted the superior beauty of Mr. Felix Summerley's Art Manufactures, but the expense, they both agreed, was 'quite preposterous.'

We perfectly agree with Master Cruikshank, who, though the foremost of Caricaturists, is also one of the best judges of the fine arts alive; but it is not even price that we object to so much in these gewgaws, as their almost universal inelegance, inappropriateness, and want of that purity which alone can entitle such articles to selection by persons of taste and judgment. We consider them as introducing a barbarous and grotesque style, and often monstrosities, to the defeat and destruction of really fine art; and we shall be glad to adopt the cause of any manufacturers who will return to fitness, common sense, and beauty of form. There are some in London, and some artists also, who could produce, and do produce, such things; but they are overwhelmed by ostentatious trickery, display, and pushing. If not stopped, the houses of the wealthy and middle classes of England, instead of a display of rich and handsome furniture, plate, and bijouterie, will look like the Wardour-street brokers' shops—the receptacles for a mixture of every kind of heterogeneous product, stupid imitations of antique patterns, from Pharaoh to Louis XIV, with the addition of nonsensical variations by the doers of these silly designs."

GOOSEY, GOOSEY, GANDER!!!

Ornamental and Domestic Poultry: their History and Management. By the Rev. E. Sanl Dixon, Rector of Intwood-with-Keswick. Reprinted, with additions, from the "Gardeners' Chronicle." Pp. 345.

We have heard ventriloquists imitate the confusion of an alarmed and agitated farm-yard: they were nothing to Mr. Dixon and his *Gardening Chronicle!* His is a noise to be studied, a cackle to be looked after for possible eggs to follow, a quacking to be prized beyond medicine, a hissing to be deemed above a twenty goose power, a gobbling of ghost-like efficacy from Norfolk to Turkey in Europe, a screeching heard more abroad than the Dean of Ely's cry for Cambridge reform, a "come back" more persuasive than a guinea delivered to a lawyer, and a crowing such as chanticleer never uttered with his shrill clarion. It is really a wonderful volume; but our surprise is greatest at the fact that any periodical for all classes of readers should ever have ventured to print and circulate some of the matter. It may not appear very easy to make advice about managing cockerels and pullets absolutely indecent; but the facetious pruriency of the reverend author has accomplished the task. There are bits which we think, when seen in print, will astonish the not over-refined nerves of farmers' and hind's wives, daughters, and handmaidens; and whether it may be about turkey courtships or more serious operations, one cannot help being astonished that such things were ever penned or published. These, of course, we avoid; but will endeavour to extract some amusement, if not much of natural-historical value from this ornamental performance. Of its importance the Reverend Sanl (why persectest thou?) is fully convinced, and he accordingly runs a muck against his precursors. He relates,—

"The Author, with his wife, (now removed from worldly trouble,) and his child, were living in a small suburban house, that had a little back-garden attached to it. As a harmless amusement, they pro-

* Since writing this notice of the *Comic Almanack*, we have received a copy of *Comic Art Manufactures*, (Bogue,) which caricatures these articles in the most laughable style. Dumb waiters, spoons, dishes, egg-cups, clothes-pegs, pails, fire-grates, ewers, soup-basons, knives, bottles, milk-jugs, and we know not what else, are all designed in a ludicrous manner; but, to our taste, scarcely more absurd or useless than the things they ridicule.

cured a few fowls to keep, although totally ignorant of their ways and doings. In aid of this ignorance, books were procured—to little purpose. The difficulty of obtaining instruction from others led to closer observation on our own part, and a more eager grasp at the required knowledge. By degrees, a few water-fowl were added to the collection; but the only watering-places on the spot were tubs and milk-pans. A neighbour, however, obligingly permitted the flock of strange fowl to be driven to a small pond, a few score yards off. They thrived, and duly increased; but still little help was to be had from books. Encyclopædias—though in them the natural history department is almost always well executed—were little satisfactory. ‘Anser, see Goose;’ ‘Goose, see Anser,’* is scarcely an exaggeration of what often fell out. Several current poultry-books were purchased, which proved to be compilations of matter, valuable indeed in the hands of an editor practically acquainted with his subject; but these works are full of errors, grossly evident even to learners—and of contradictions that must strike any attentive reader, even though he had never seen a feathered creature in his life.

This is fine; and like the old hermit of Prague, who never saw pen and ink in his life, but very wittily said to the niece of King Gorbudoc, “that that is, is; for what is that but that, and is but is!” And having this wide field for practical experience the little suburban back-garden—

“Why should one be satirical upon a thing so very small?” and the water-run of a small pond, some yards off from the tubs and milk-pans, for the aquatic fowls, the author proceeds to lay down the rule for teaching your grandmother to suck eggs. He affirms,—

“But a student is sometimes the best teacher of any branch of knowledge, as far as he has himself advanced in it, because he has a fresh recollection of the questions which gave him the most trouble to solve; and therefore notes were made, mentally, and on paper, from time to time. It was afterwards encouragingly suggested that the publication of them might be ventured upon, as being possibly acceptable to people requiring such information. They were offered to the editor of the *Gardeners’ Chronicle*, readily accepted, favourably received by the readers of that valuable paper—a class of persons whose good opinion I must think it an honour to have obtained,—and the reader now holds in his hand the entire results of my present experience in this department of natural history, in addition to what has been already published in the *Agricultural Gazette*.”

This is exactly the principle enunciated by the polytechnist boys of Paris, and the student body throughout Germany—from Frankfurt to Berlin and from Göttingen to Vienna. In bygone times it was supposed that the old would be best able to teach the young; but as Dr. Last says, (of affairs not made to last), we have “changed all that;” and now it is the received opinion, that the young ought to teach the old. From the throne to the perch, and from the senate to the hen roost, this is the new law of order, and according to the Progress School it will be all right by the time we come to see urchins of eight years old whipping their naughty grandfathers. Meanwhile we must turn to the awful study before us, as “some very important speculations respecting organic life, and the history of the animated races now inhabiting this planet, are closely connected with the creatures we retain in domestication, and can scarcely be studied so well in any other field. Poultry, living under our very roof, and by the rapid succession of their generations, affording a sufficient number of instances for even the short life of man to give time to take some cognisance of their progressive succession,—poultry afford the best possible subjects for observing the transmission or interruption of hereditary forms and instincts.” *Usque ad ova*.

This is no bad hatch:—
“Mr. Darwin suggests, ‘If you ever had it in your power fairly to test the possible fertility of the half-

and-half birds—*inter se*, I certainly think you would confer a real service on natural history.’ I have therefore proposed to myself to test the fertility of various half-bred geese, one with another; avoiding as far as possible near relations, and confining myself to that genus especially, because almost any species of goose will breed with any other. Geese, therefore, give greater promise of instructive if not successful experiments by the inter-marriage of hybrids, than any other bird with which we are acquainted.”

To seek for information from relatives and friends is very natural; and we love to hear Mr. Dixon dissent upon the glories of the goose:—

“Their value (he exclaims) and usefulness is scarcely calculable. We omit what is owing to them, as having furnished the most powerful instrument wielded by the hand of man. But in a mere material point of view, and reckoning on the very smallest scale, we will suppose that a village green supports only fifty brood geese. The owners of these would be dissatisfied if they got but ten young ones from each in the year, besides eggs; this gives 500 geese per annum, without taking the chance of a second brood. Multiply 500 by the number of village greens in the kingdom, and we still form a very inadequate estimate of the importance of the bird. And all this with scarcely any outlay. The little trouble they demand, of being secured at night and let out in the morning, of setting the geese, and ‘pegging’ the goslings, is a source of amusement and interest to thousands of aged and infirm persons, in whose affections their geese stand second only to their children and relations.”

And again:—

“Many instances of the longevity of the goose are on record, and it is needless to repeat them. I have myself seen one upwards of thirty years of age followed by a thriving family; but they are capable of reaching double and treble that extent of life. Indeed, the duration of the existence of the goose seems to be indefinitely prolonged.”

Nothing can be more clearly proven; this volume is conclusive evidence: but mark the cruelty of ungrateful man:—

“Geese are slaughtered by being bled from the internal parts of the throat—a slow and cruel method. They, as well as ducks, should be let out to the pond a few hours before execution, where they will purify and arrange their feathers as neatly as if they were going to their wedding instead of to their death.”

They die, like Cæsar, in a becoming style, when—

In his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey’s statue, which all the
while ran blood,
Great Cæsar fell!

A goose is, however, really a dignified and self-important creature; they say they stoop their heads if swimming under the lofty arch of Waterloo Bridge. But still our author’s admiration for the bird reminds us of *Love’s Labour Lost*,—

“A green goose, a goddess; pure, pure idolatry!”

Leave we, therefore, this tub and milk-pan division of the poultry-yard, to sit for a season on the reverend author’s eggs, and hover over his chicks. Much philosophy is here involved; for the preface informs us,—

“Hens are made of flesh and blood—not of wood, hot water, iron, and macintosh;” and he sensibly adds, “But the reader has listened long enough to this prelude; we will strike the final chords, which sound harmoniously to our own ears. Thanks are the burden of our closing song.”

To begin with the beginning of the subject above proposed, the author, who evidently knows all about it, says,—

“It has been copied and re-copied from quarto to octavo, through duodecimo and pamphlet, that small round eggs produce female, and long pointed ones male chicks. Now, I assert that the hen who lays one round egg will continue to lay all her eggs round; and the hen that lays one oblong, will lay all oblong. Consequently, one hen would be the unceasing mother of cocks—another must remain

the perpetual producer of pullets; which is absurd, as daily experience proves.”

It might be inconvenient to lay square or triangular eggs, or the fact might be more certainly established, especially at St. Kilda, where the natives eat so many eggs that the author learnedly suggests their being called Ooplagi! And hereupon we have an excellent joke,—

“They preserve their eggs commonly in their stone-pyramids, scattering the burnt ashes of turf under and about them, to defend them from the air, dryness being their only preservative, and moisture their consumption; they preserve them six, seven, or eight months, as above said; and then they become appetizing (?) and loosening, especially those that begin to turn.”

Provoked by the word “appetizing,” the author subjoins the note—“Does this mean heavy on the chest, from the Italian *a*, and *petto*, the chest?”

Hens, it seems, are well beloved fowl,—

“The act of laying is not voluntary on the part of a hen, but is dependent upon her age, constitution, and diet. If she be young, healthy, and well fed, lay she must; if she be aged and half starved, lay she cannot. All that is left to her own choice is, where she shall deposit her egg; and she is sometimes so completely taken by surprise, as not to have her own way even in that.”

Well might Shakspeare exclaim, though out of place in *All’s Well*,—

“Lord have mercy on thee for a hen.”

But turkeys are sometimes as badly used,—

“Turkey hens frequently have this late fit of incubation, and on the Continent are much more used as general hatchers than they are with us. One which had been supplied with ducks’ eggs hatched fifteen. As soon as she found out what sort of beings she had introduced into the world, she glanced at them a look of that ineffable scorn which a turkey’s eye can so well express, strutted slowly away, and never would notice them more. The ducklings, however, were reared in spite of her airs.”

And speaking of “airs,” the peacock is described as really unbearable in this respect, his wife more modest, for though “she occasionally erects her tail like the hen-turkey, such display does not appear to denote the absence of any feminine virtue.” Not so the gaudy male, a fellow feathered and made up like an officer in the royal guards,—

“The natural disposition of the peacock is selfish and gluttonous, and it is only by pampering this weakness that he can be persuaded into obedience and attachment. He is vain, and at the same time ungallant. He is far from manifesting the politeness and attention which the common cock shows towards his mates. The peacock will greedily snatch, from the mouth of his hens, those tit-bits and delicate morsels which the cock would either share with his favourites, or yield to them entirely. The peahen, in return, cares less for her lord and master, and is more independent of him when once her amorous inclinations have been indulged. She then regards the display of his tail, his puffs and struttings, and all the rattling of his quills, with the coolest indifference. Nor does he seem to care much about her admiration, or to make all this exhibition of his attractions to secure her notice, but is content if he can get some astonished hen, or silly, bewildered duck, up a corner, to wonder what all this fuss is about. Like other vain coxcombs, he expects the lady to make the first advances.

“Although occasionally cruel, the peacock is shy of fighting, particularly when in full plumage; nor do they so frequently engage with each other as with birds of a different species, such as drakes, cocks, &c. One, out of feather, was seen to keep up a three hours’ struggle with a musk drake; had it been in full plumage, it would not have shown fight at all.”

Not so with the gallant soldiers to whom, in point of external appearance only, we have compared this popinjay; for they will fight any thing, whether they

* In another chapter Mr. Dixon talks still more disparagingly

are in deshable or full plumage; though it must also be confessed that few of the corps are decidedly averse to strait and rattle their quills (or swords) about, so as to attract the admiration of the silly hens and dear ducks, who may be seen walking in the parks or near the barracks of these redoubted conquerors of nursery maids and higher game. To return to our chicks, when as much neglected as the children in the charge of these wandering maids, it is stated that the chances of rearing them are small.

"But all the old wives' nostrums to recover them are to be discarded: the merest drop of ale may be a useful stimulant, but an intoxicated chick is as liable to sprawl about and have the breath trodden out of its body as a fainting one. Pepper-corns, gin, rue, and fifty other ways of doctoring, are to be banished afar.

"If a clever, kind, gentle-handed little girl could get a crumb of bread down their throats, it would do no harm; but all rough, violent, clumsy manipulation is as bad as the throat-tickling of the hard-fingered hangman. Animal heat will be their greatest restorative. At night, let them be quietly slipped under their mother; the next morning, they will be either as brisk as the rest, or as flat as pancakes and dried biffins."

How well the simile holds! and the moral is excellent:—

"The reader will please to remember that when he came into the world, all that was expected of him was to grow and be good-natured. He had not to provide his long-clothes out of his mother's milk—not to elaborate pinafores from a basin of soaked biscuit; but for poor little chickens, the only known baby-linen warehouse is situated in their own stomachs."

Going through all the various breeds, our author lays down their good and bad qualities: thus, for instance, condemning the Black Spanish for an erroneous disposition they have to lay, "or rather attempt to lay soft eggs," by which he lost nine, and they, too, who had all been hens which laid the largest eggs. We do not know whether the next points are connected with the military affairs to which we have tenderly alluded; but we copy the passages, and leave them to the discreet consideration of the public:—

The author's "stable boy was in the habit of making the cock 'drunk'—a process which is effected by seizing the bird by the legs, and whirling him round and round in the air, till the centrifugal force shall have sent the blood to the head, and produced apoplexy. The amusement consists in seeing the cock stagger and reel when placed upon the ground, and gradually recover, as it unsteadily walks off. 'Topsy Hen' is an agreeable variation of the sport. The cock had seen and was indignant; but the lad's mother, when he entered my service, had, like the enchantress of romance, given her son a word of power. To the angry threat of the cock that she would tell of the atrocity, it was replied, "If you do, I will tell that every time it is your Sunday out, you go to see the little boy you had two years ago." Cook was thunderstruck at the mention of her 'misfortune,' and was tongue-tied. And so the machinery of households goes on.

"A false notion of their savage disposition is derived from the sight of the sparrows of the half-grown chickens; but the pullets will indulge in this game as well as the cockerels. It is very rarely that mischief is meant by such tiltings. We might remember that the play of all young animals is a sham fight. Young lambs run races to obtain possession

ingly of "The glittering argus-eyed plumage of the peacock, undermined by lice! Ach! Degrading! We are but smoking fax. The Pope, at his coronation, is reminded, by the outward visible sign of extinguished flame, and by words, 'Sancte Pater, sic transit gloria mundi'—Holy Father, thus passes away the glory of earthly things." The prelate, encased with gold and gems, but wearing beneath his outward show sackcloth, and perhaps vermin, voluntarily, and the peacock, with his unrivalled plumes, irritated by these odious defilers involuntarily, that in life more among the webs hastily, and after death, 'attract notice' about by the seat, of beauty and honour, the head and crest—are the same in kind,—apparent magnificence balanced by unseen evil."

of a hillock from which the strongest will rebut the weak. Puppies snarl, and growl, and snap, and struggle, all in perfect good-nature. Kittens will roll over each other, and grapple, and show in sport the best method of disembowelling an enemy with their hind claws, if one of the playmates were but a rat. Even boys can play at French and English; and a couple of cockerels will often stand beak to beak, making two or three jumps, with outstretched neck and ruffled hackle, but with no more evil intention (for the present) than many a gentleman when he sets to his partner in a quadrille.

"Though we wish to clear the game breed from the charge of blood-thirsty cruelty, we cannot hold them out as patterns of gentleness and forbearance. Might with them makes right. None but the brave, however well they may deserve, or how much soever they may long for, are likely to enjoy any favour from the present class of rusty-fusty coloured beauties. Quiet people, unless they have studied phrenology, or kept game fowls, have little idea how close a connexion there is said to be between love and murder. But the ladies have long found it out: there is no sweetheart like a soldier. A constantly pacific male is despicable in their eyes."

"Cocks so educated are valuable for better purposes than for fighting and being betted upon. They become first-rate fathers of families. If a stock of poultry is flagging and degenerate, the owner hardly knows why, the admission of a good game cock will soon set all to rights. His very look and air inspire health and cheerfulness into the dispirited hens. He fertilises the eggs of every variety of domestic fowl, from the little black bantam to the portly Dorking. The issue of such crosses does not always resemble either parent, but it is sure to be something pretty, useful, and thrifty. 'Bad the crow, bad the egg—κακὸν κόρακος κακὸν ὄν. Vice versa—good the cock, good the chick. There is certainly something in breeding."

Our Parson is truly pugnacious, and will never belong to the Peace Society, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Society of Friends, nor the Humane Society for Pulling Skaters out from under Ice, and Swimmers from under Water, should they, like the reverend author, go beyond their strength, and get out of their depth.

"I have never (he says) seen a cock-fight, and probably never shall. From what one has heard and read, it must be most exciting sport; but people who are proud of Waterloo, who dine off hunted hare, and breakfast on shrimps that have been boiled alive, allude to it with horror, as an atrocity incredible and unmentionable. Cocks, however, must die. Would a cock that had been fought be worse eating than a hare that had been hunted? And as to the mode of death—ask a cock which he would choose: to be hung up by the heels, and have the cook run a knife up his throat, taking care that he bleed long and die slowly, in order that his flesh may be so much the nicer and whiter; or to be set face to face with his adversary, and fight for his life,—if he win, to be petted and praised—if he fall, to have his existence cut short by one sharp, merciful thrust, instead of the lingering faintness of a culinary departure? The combat is a pleasure; the survivorship, a fair chance."

Well done, Game One; but thou art ignorant of the best use to which to put a defunct old cock. Among the dishes thou enumerateth, thou sayest nothing of *Cocky Leeky*, the best of them, and about the best of potages—certainly, the next to turtle-soup.

But we have finished our game of chicken hazard with the learned Edmund (it should be *Hen-ry*); and if beaten, we can only plead the desire of our review fairly to count the birds he has hatched—not take all his pretty chickens and their dam at one fell swoop, nor set on water to scald such chickens as his are. (*Vide* "Timon of Athens.") We have been amused with his volume and its grandiloquence, offended by some improper passages, and ready to agree that it may afford useful information to the keepers of poultry.

An Historical and Statistical Account of the Bermudas, from their Discovery to the Present Time. By William Frith Williams. Newby.

Who the — cares to be text about "The Bermudas" in 1848, except as the abiding place of Mr. Mitchell and some of his associates? Their little place in history, and their questionable place in poetry, need no volume of information to the reading public. But the Irish rebels have made the name anew familiar, and that is enough for an author (with good reasons) and a book. It is taking the popular appetite by a name and momentary circumstance, and so far it is worthy book-making. If Mitchell, &c., had been sent to any other part of the globe, it would have been the same. Let us say that the account from the discovery of the isles till now is just as well done as such a history requires; but that a description of its present penal settlement and discipline (what we should most like to have) is all but nil. It is odd enough, on the map there are "Ireland 14" (i. e., Island), "Ireland Pt." (Point), and "Wreck Hill;" and thereabouts is the only matter we can think worth extracting:—

"Ireland is about a mile in length, and varies in breadth, nowhere exceeding a quarter of a mile. It is occupied by the Home Government as a Naval Depot, and is strongly fortified. Attached to the dockyard there is a breakwater, constructed like that at Plymouth, for the use of the navy. The headquarters of the Convict Establishment is also at this island. The prisoners are men sentenced in England to transportation, and are sent out in drafts to be confined in the hulks; and employed on the Government works. Bermuda is not a penal settlement, the convicts having been sent to it solely to assist in the public works, and they are not allowed to be employed for private benefit, or to be discharged in the colony. In 1844 there were 1168 prisoners in the islands, costing the Home Government 28,032l."

So this Bermuda-Ireland, it seems, is unlike its godmother—

Small, inglorious, not free,
Not a flower on earth, second gem of the sea.

Sorry are we that the crimes or follies (if it be so) of old Ireland should send any inhabitants to the new. Imprisonment, banishment, convict discipline, however humanely administered, are sad conditions of life; and Heaven pity those who are doomed to experience their miseries! To the worst criminal they are bitter enough; to the high-spirited and well-educated an undying torture. Men should think more of this than they do!

In the early discoveries, we are told of vessels built on the islands, and caulked with lime rendered adhesive by a mixture of *turtle-oil* (page 7); but next extremity of the same kind, the seams are payed over with a mixture of lime and *tortoise-oil*.

The volume is, in fact, nearly made up from Smith's *Virginia* and other familiar books; but if anybody wants the best insulated account of Bermuda, here it is.

The History of Bahawalpur, with Notices of the Adjacent Countries, &c. By Shahamat Ali, author of the "Sikhs and Afghans." Madden.

This is an abridgment of the family history of Nawab Bahawal Khan, one of the most faithful of our allies in the late wars, and present struggle in Multan. The country itself "is bounded on the east by the British possessions of Sirsa, and on the west by the river Indus; the river Garra forms its northern boundary, and Bikaner and Jeysemeer are on its southern frontier. Its length, from Rana Wutro on the east to Subul-Kot on the west, is calculated at 216 kos, or 324 English miles. Its breadth varies much: in some parts it is eighty, and in others from sixty to fifteen miles."

The Khan is absolute; but the author describes his sway as tempered by justice and judgment, though his functionaries are very corrupt. Of the manners of the people, we quote one example:—

"Polygamy is very prevalent. Marrying one, two, and three women, is supposed an honourable act,

with a view to propagate offspring. Even those of the poorest classes have not less than two wives, though they have hardly means to support them. It is customary among common people, that if any one may not like his wife, he goes straight to the Kazeer, and obtains a deed of divorce, on the payment of the stipulated Mahr. The amount of the Mahr in this country does not, among the lower classes, exceed twenty-five rupees. Besides, the husband pays to the woman an additional sum for her support for four months, at the rate of three quarters of a seer of attar, and a couple of pice per diem. The interval between the divorce and re-marriage is called Iddat. Iddat is the period a woman counts after being divorced. It is not more than four months and ten days. Before the time of the prophet it was a complete year. After this, the woman is at liberty to marry any person she likes. Should a wife be disgusted with her husband, she is also at liberty to obtain her separation, on remitting her claim to the stipulated Mahr, and she may marry another person if she chooses.

"As soon as a man obtains his majority, the first thing he thinks of is to marry; but the people generally intermarry in their own tribe. Yet, however, if the marriage takes place, for instance, between an Afghan and a woman of low caste, their issue is not considered in any degree degraded. Such child can be married without objection to a girl of pure blood, as well as the issue of parents of equal caste."

In general, we see little to distinguish them from other inhabitants of India; and the book will be received as a distinct addition to history (that of a small state) connected with our mighty empire, and thus worthy of a shelf in libraries of Eastern information.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

In the pages of a contemporary of last week are several letters on the subject of the new Council List for the Royal Society, which certainly point out most strongly the difficulties of any thing like co-operation existing among scientific men, and give some ground for the accusation preferred against them of want of unity of purpose, the which has always led to their occupying a subordinate position to that to which their merits would otherwise entitle them.

There are three grounds of complaint put forward in these letters; one, that the retiring officers are put on the Council; the second, that certain parties who have been more or less active in the recent Reform movement are placed there; and the third, that the science of physiology is not duly represented in the new Council. With regard to the first point of objection, from what we can learn, it is a usual compliment to place retiring officers on the Council; and, independently of this, it is highly advantageous that those who formed the executive of the past year should remain for some time on the Council, to assist their successors with their knowledge of the official matters in which they have recently taken part.

With regard to the second point, it is equally desirable that one or two of those who were privy to a movement of vital importance to the interests of the Society should be on the Council, to watch its progress, to give the Council the benefit of their knowledge of the motives leading to it, the arguments used for and against it, and the details of its long-continued progress, and to prevent its fair working being injured either by ignorance or design. We have heard much conversation on the subject, and believe that it was with great hesitation that those who are now objected to allowed their names to be proposed, and that only on a strong and earnest representation to them that they ought not to neglect their duty, and to leave in other hands the guardianship of the measure which they had introduced. Had they acted otherwise, there would have been an outcry against them for their neglect; it would have been said—You are active in effecting changes which are at all times attended with difficulty, and produce an agitation requiring careful watching, and then

throw the responsibility on others, and shrink from the tutelage of your own children.

With regard to the third point, we confess we cannot see the objection. We find as great a number of physiologists as of any other single science on the Council—viz., four; and two geologists, who have paid particular attention to this branch of science; while there are only two chemists and two astronomers.

If the representation of different sciences in the executive of the Royal Society is to be regarded as a matter of struggle, each science should have its representative, the officers must be increased in number, and their duties be altogether changed; but worse than this—as the subdivision of sciences goes on increasing, more and more enlarged must be this field of battle, or the number of the officers (perhaps already too large) must be increased *ad libitum*.

We have often heard the opposite complaint, that the cultivators of a given science, when in authority, are apt to oppress others in the same branch of science; and such complaints have frequently been made (we will not pretend to say whether justly or not) against the retiring Secretary.

We hope our object in making these comments will not be misunderstood: we espouse no party in the matter; but we earnestly advise scientific men each to sacrifice a little of his own opinion, or what he may conceive the interests of his own branch, to the general good of science; and we feel sure that by so doing he will ensure not only the general but the special improvement, for which we believe the majority to be sincerely anxious.

We cannot conclude this article without expressing our strong reprehension of a printed list which has been partially circulated, and which, being printed in the same type, and with the same marginal notes, as the Council List, has names in it changed. If there be any object in this list, it must be to deceive fellows of the Society who may vote hastily. We need not point out the evils of such a practice; they are obvious: a cause cannot be a good one which relies on such an expedient.

Since writing the above, we have received the following letter from an esteemed and eminent correspondent, expressing similar opinions.

Sir,—I have read the letters which appeared in the last number of the *Athenæum*, on the subject of the house list for the council of the R. S. for the ensuing year, and I regret to see a party spirit evinced in them, which may be most injurious to the best interests of the R. S.; the council list is partitioned in those letters in a manner which I think the authors themselves, on reconsideration, cannot consider a just one.

The division of sciences recognised by the Royal Society in the distribution of its medals, is as follows—Astronomy, Physiology, Physics, Geology, Mathematics, Chemistry. Now, admitting the argument that it is advisable, under ordinary circumstances, to have in the council one or two members to represent each branch; it would be far from advisable or possible always to construct a council exactly upon this basis. Many circumstances connected with the government of the Society have to be considered, and the claims of many persons, resting not so much on the branch of science which they cultivate, as on their general aptitude for business; their power of attending the meetings of the council, and other circumstances. Taking, however, the construction of the present council* upon the narrow ground, that it does not fairly represent the different branches of natural knowledge, let us examine it by the division adopted by the Society itself, and sanctioned by long usage. Thus viewing it, we have in Astronomy two—viz., Lord Rosse, Professor Airy. In experimental physics, three—viz., Mr. Grove, Mr. Cassiot, Mr. Wheatstone. In mathematical physics, two—viz., Mr. Christie, Col. Sabine. In Physiology, four—viz., Mr. Bell, Sir J. Clark, Mr. Owen, Dr. Roget. In Geology, four—viz., The Dean of Westminster, Mr. Horner, Mr. Phillips, Sir C. Lyell. In chemistry, two—viz., Mr. Graham, Mr. Miller.

* Present proposed council, we presume.—Ed. L. G.

When it is recollected that mathematics and experimental physics are intimately connected with all sciences, and that the Royal Society, as its charter indicates, was especially founded for experimental science, it would appear that this large department of science, so far from being over represented, is scarcely sufficiently represented in the council, and certainly mathematics, astronomy, and chemistry, have not their fair share. Some of the members of the proposed council represent two sciences; thus, Mr. Airy may be named as a mathematician, Mr. Wheatstone as a physiologist (the recipient indeed of a medal for physiology); and the geologists come nearer the natural history, or physiological department, than they do to the chemical, the mathematical, or physical.

In one view of the term physical science it may be taken to comprehend all the sciences cultivated by the Royal Society; and the correspondent who signs himself a Naturalist, F.R.S., might have added the three naturalists to the eighteen physical science men, as he calls them, and thus he would have made a better case, and proved that the whole council was composed of physical science men. It is sad to see that this species of rivalry still prevails; it is one which has ever contributed to lower the character of scientific men; and when they complain that they are neglected by the State, and not sufficiently honoured by the public, they should also recollect that it is their intestine jealousies which occasion this—their looking upon each other as enemies, and considering that one branch of science is antagonistic to another, and that war, not peace, is their proper vocation.

From everything which I have heard, those with whom these complainants find fault were as little anxious to obtain the unenviable posts proposed to them as their opponents are to elect them, and would not have allowed their names to be put forward but for the feeling that scientific reform has constantly been prejudiced by the desertion of ardent men, who, disappointed at the hopeless task they have undertaken, opposed by those for whom they have been labouring, have left scientific societies, and sometimes, unfortunately, the cultivation of science itself, rather than exist in an atmosphere of controversy, or take part in that of which their judgment and conscience disapproved.

London, Nov. 23rd.

F. Z. S.

The Royal Medals.—We hear that the Royal medals are to be presented, on St. Andrew's Day, (Thursday next), to Mr. Hargrave and to Mr. Gallowsay; the Copley medal to Mr. Adams; and the Rumford to Mr. Regnault.

November 23.—After the ordinary business of the Society had been concluded, Mr. Rennie, the Treasurer, being in the chair, in compliance with sec. v. chap. vi. of the statutes, proceeded to read the balloting list for next St. Andrew's Day, Mr. A. J. Stephens then rose, holding two papers in his hand, one of which purported to be a revised balloting list. Now, he said, as these two lists are printed on the same paper, in the same type, and having the same printer's marks, he wished to know which of them was the illegal list, or if both were illegal. His own opinion was, founded on a knowledge of corporation law, that both were illegal; because a corporation like the Royal Society could not vote by ballot;—the only mode of voting competent for them to follow was either by a show of hands, or by poll.

Mr. Rennie replied, that he knew of only one list, and that was the one he had just read. On this, some further discussion ensued, when Dr. Webster rose, and, with great deference, thus addressed Mr. Rennie: "I wish to know, sir, whether the omission of one of the preliminary formalities prescribed by the statutes would not vitiate the ensuing election. At the last meeting, I am informed, the President did not comply with sec. i. chap. vi. of the statutes, which I request you will have the goodness now to desire one of the Secretaries to read."

The President himself rose and read as follows:—"At the two ordinary meetings of the Society

next preceding the anniversary election, the President shall give notice of the said election, and declare how much it imports the good of the Society that such persons may be chosen into the Council as are most likely to attend the meetings and business of the Council, out of whom there may be made the best choice of a President and other officers." Dr. Webster then apologised to the Society for occupying their attention, but as he had been informed that the statute now read had not been complied with, he desired to know whether the election would be legal if proceeded with. Mr. Wharton Jones rose and said, the statute had not been complied with. A dead silence reigned in the Society for a time, and no answer was attempted to be made to Dr. Webster's inquiry. Mr. Stephens again rose, and requested that a protest from him might be entered against the legality of the balloting-list. Mr. Christie here referred Mr. Stephens to the statute in which it is ordained that at an ordinary meeting no discussion respecting the statutes or management of the Society shall take place. Colonel Sabine then moved that the Society adjourn, which was carried.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

November 14.—Mr. W. Yarrell presided at the first meeting of the session, 1848-9, which was very numerously attended. The first communication was read by Professor Owen, and contained his notes on the anatomy of the male Auroch, made in the latter part of September last. The animal, at the time of its death, was about two years and five months old, and about five feet in height at the shoulder; having grown twelve inches since he came into the Society's possession in October 1847. The morbid appearances on dissection were simple and conclusive; the whole right lung had been the seat of active inflammation and congestion, as had the trachea, and a portion of the branches of the left lung. "The exciting cause of the disease appears," said the learned professor, "to have been the influence of the raw cold and heavy fogs, consequent on the undrained extent of clay ground on which the menagerie of the Society is placed, and by which it is extensively surrounded. The effects of an atmosphere, so loaded, on the mucous tract of the respiratory organs to which it is applied, has long been manifested in various species of the exotic animals attempted to be preserved in the Zoological Gardens; and the records of medicine bear testimony to similar ill effects upon the human inhabitants of the Regent's Park, whose habits and strength of constitution do not enable them to control and overcome this pregnant, but happily remediable, source of ill-health." Mr. Gray described several interesting mammalia, recently added to the zoological department of the British Museum, which included new species of the genera *Cebus*, *Sciurus*, *Herpestes*, and *Galago*. Mr. Waterhouse exhibited a North American species of Bat, which had been captured in a potato field in Shetland. Mr. Yarrell, in the absence of Mr. Gould, directed attention to six specimens of the Crested Tit, *Parus cristatus*, which had been transmitted to the latter gentleman in the flesh, from a locality about thirty miles south of Inverness. Mr. Yarrell remarked that these were probably the first examples which had reached London in that condition, as he had been entirely unable to procure a recently killed specimen for examination, when engaged in his work on British birds. Mr. Lovell Reeve read a paper by Mr. Adams and himself, on *Fenilia concentrica*, a new genus and species of accephalous mollusks, collected by Sir Edward Belcher, C.B., during the voyage of H.M.S. Samarang. The peculiarity of this shell, of which the animal was not preserved, consists in the lower valve having a remarkable lateral incision on the left side, after the manner of *Pedum*, whilst the hinge partakes of the structure of *Pecten* and *Avicula*; both valves are, moreover, of the same fragile tenacity as the *Placuna placenta*. The authors considered it an entirely new form. The chairman, in introducing the last subject of the evening, an exceedingly ingenious and elaborate artificial model of the Dodo, constructed and exhibited by Mr. Bartlett, observed, that the interest

which had always been connected with the recent extinction of so remarkable a form as that which Mr. Bartlett had so successfully endeavoured to represent, had received a considerable impulse from the publication of the quarto work of Mr. Strickland and Dr. Melville, which was then on the table, and which not only contained all the evidence which could be derived from previously existing bibliographic and other sources, but presented the most complete investigation of the actual known remains of the bird itself which had yet appeared. Mr. Bartlett briefly explained that the strong interest which he had taken in the history of the Dodo, long since originated in his mind the idea and desire of reproducing a life-sized model of a bird which, although exhibited alive in London at no very distant period, he was confident no longer existed on the face of the earth. To effect this object, he had carefully studied the head in the Ashmolean Museum, the foot which is preserved in the British Museum, and all the oil paintings and other representations to which he had opportunities of access in this country and in Holland. The labour of executing so considerable a work could be measured by the fact of every feather, plucked singly from the skins of numerous living congeners, and every scale of the feet, having been separately affixed to the model! Mr. Bartlett's modest account of his very interesting and original undertaking was extremely well received by the meeting.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

November 1.—First meeting of the season.—Sir H. T. De la Beche, president, in the chair. Read, 1st, "On the supposed impression in Shale of the soft parts of an *Orthoceras*," by Mr. J. Hall. The author had been familiar with these impressions for many years, and had always regarded them merely as concretions. They have, however, been recently described in the journal of the Geological Society, as impressions of the soft parts of the animal. In opposition to this opinion, Mr. Hall states that similar bodies are found in rocks of various ages, and inclosing shells of Gasteropods and other mollusks, in which the animal was not external. Hence, though the organic body may have caused the concretionary action, and partly determined the shape of the mineral mass, this is not to be considered in any respect as an impression of the soft fleshy parts of the animal. 2nd, "On Slaty Cleavage," by Mr. D. Sharpe.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

November 22.—Mr. J. Walker in the chair. Read, 1st, a letter from the Royal Society of Edinburgh, accompanied by a medal, bearing the effigy of Napier of Merchiston, offered as a mark of their respect for the Society of Arts. A special vote of thanks was passed to the Royal Society of Edinburgh for the same.

2nd. An address from the council, in which they congratulated the members on the continued improving state of the Society's funds, and the increased amount of premiums it enabled them to offer. It also referred to the two prizes offered by H. R. H. Prince Albert, and to the sum of 50 guineas offered by Mr. T. Twining, jun., one of the members of the Society.

It next referred to the recent Exhibition of British Manufactures, and to the prospects which the Society have of a greatly extended and increasingly interesting exhibition for the present session.

Having thus called attention to what the Society had done, and intended to do, in connexion with the arts and manufactures, it proceeded to describe the arrangements that had been made for conducting the business of the meetings of the Society during this session, and directed special attention to a new feature in the exhibitions of the present session. It has been complained, (the report stated,) perhaps justly, that for a couple of years the society has directed attention too exclusively to the fine arts, to the neglect of the mechanical arts and manufactures. This may, perhaps, be in part true. But in reforming the operations of the Society, it was necessary to begin with one thing, and to do one thing at a time. The council have postponed the mechanics, not lost

sight of them, and have availed themselves of the past vacation to prepare the large room on the ground floor, for the reception at Christmas of an exhibition of the models of new and important inventions of recent date, and of a mechanical nature. This, they hope, will afford to inventors the opportunity they so much want, of bringing valuable inventions under the notice of the public; and also afford to the public the gratification of having laid systematically before them all that is most important in the records of modern invention.

Mr. T. M. Gladstone read a paper on his plan for constructing a malleable iron lever bridge. The plan upon which the author proposes to construct bridges of wrought iron, of almost any required span, consists in the employment of bars of wrought iron, somewhat in the form of double Σ iron; these he proposes to rivet together, or fix by means of screws and nuts through their flanges, in a manner suited to the position in which they are to be placed. Thus, over the piers of the bridge where strength is required, the bars are fixed so as to form a solid, while, as the arms of the lever become extended, they are placed so as to form an open iron work of a light and elegant character; the whole of the bars are placed in an horizontal position, and in addition to other fastenings, are to be tied by diagonal rods or braces.

The advantages which the author considers his plan to possess over other plans, are that of enabling bridges of any span to be built without a centering, whereby a great saving is effected; also in enabling a flatter roadway to be obtained, while a higher water way is insured, than can be obtained by any plan in which the arch springing from the pier is used.

Several models illustrative of Mr. Richard Roberts' new principles of mechanics, (see our report of the Swansea meeting), were exhibited, and their peculiarities, and mode of construction and advantages described by the secretary.

THE DEAD SEA.

We have noticed the researches of Captain Lynch and his comrades in this quarter; since which we see a statement of their operations, which has exuded at Constantinople (*Courrier de Constantinople*). Among other rather curious than exact speculations, the following seems to be worthy of extract—viz., the assertion that "the bottom of the Dead Sea forms two sunken plains—one elevated, the other depressed. The first part, south, is composed of clay, or fat mud, covered by an artificial bay; the latter, the upper part and more north, of mud, incrustations, and rectangular salt crystallizations, extending to a great depth, and with a narrow ravine deffling in the midst of it, corresponding with the Jordan at one extremity, and Wady Seib at the other."

The narrative, which is rather flowery, says:—"We found the navigation of the Jordan very difficult and dangerous on account of the fearfully rapid currents. The idea of the fall of the Jordan between the Lake Tiberias and the Dead Sea may be conceived by its crooked bed, which, in a distance of 60 miles, serpentine 200 miles. In this distance the expedition was plunged into no less than twenty-seven dreadful rapids, not counting several others of a less remarkable declivity. The difference in the level of these two seas is 2000 feet.

"For a few hundred yards from its mouth, the water of the Jordan is sweet. The waters of the Dead Sea are without smell, but to the taste they are bitter, salt, and disgusting. On entering, the boats encountered a gale of wind, and so thick were the waters that the boats appeared to strike against the hammers of the Titans rather than the waves of a raging sea. The expedition continued its daily operations, making topographical sketches, until its arrival at the southern extremity of the sea, where a very astonishing spectacle awaited it. On passing the mountain of Sodom, we observed to the S.E. a large column, in the shape of a tunnel, composed of solid rock salt, and covered by carbonate of calcium, a mine of crystallization. Mr. Dale made a sketch of it, and the doctor and I landed to obtain specimens. The expedition made the tour of the Dead

Sea, and returned to the boats were in New York.

The remainder of the boat Sea is almost at a short depth; this letter (fish feet. saline incrustations in an hour's The shores side, present and insects shore; some but we could ever, the sailing to the "that the very letter the sunken

By the assistance of the quittance we are able to illustrate a sensitive, arrangement has taken away from any No. 1 (the mechanism of removed;—

The most coiled pressure i bottom sun phragm of act more from the box, D is closed compress bottom sun bottom from its centre, of which of the iron pieces, and the coiled the two pressed by For te into the h pump, a air,) which

Sea, and returned to the point of its departure; the boats were in the same condition as when we left New York, and all the crew in good health."

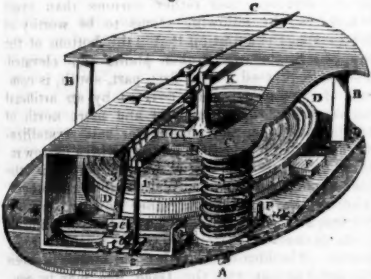
The remarks follow:—

"The bottom of the northern part of the Dead Sea is almost flat (a plain.) The meridional lines at a short distance from the shore vary but little in depth; the greatest depth found up to the date of this letter (May 3rd) was 188 fathoms, or 1128 English feet. Near the shore the bottom is generally a saline incrustation, but the intermediate portion is of soft mud, with several rectangular crystals—most frequently cubes of pure salt. On one occasion we obtained only crystals with the lead line. In the same proportion that the north part of the Dead Sea is deep, so is the southern part shallow, to the extent that for a quarter of its length the depth was found to be but eighteen feet. Its southern bed presented no crystallizations, but its shores are covered with incrustations of salt, and on landing the footmarks in an hour's time were covered with crystallizations. The shores in face of the peninsula, and its western side, present evident marks of destruction. Birds and insects are, without doubt, to be found on the shore; sometimes ducks on the sea, for we saw some, but we could find no living object in this sea. However, the salt sources it receives contain fish belonging to the ocean. I feel certain," says Captain Lynch, "that the result of our expedition will confirm to the very letter the history of the Holy Land, as regards the sunken cities."

THE ANEROID BAROMETER.

By the assistance of Mr. Dent, and through his acquaintance with M. Vidi, the inventor and patentee, we are able now to fulfil our promise of giving an illustrated and detailed description of this ingenious, sensitive, and valuable barometer. The mechanical arrangement of the instrument, for which M. Vidi has taken a second patent in England, differs greatly from any that has been hitherto published. Diagram No. 1 (half the full size) shows the present mechanism of the Aneroid Barometer, the case and dial removed:—

Fig. 1.



The motion of the indicating hand is derived from the coiled spring, *s*, in opposition to the atmospheric pressure on the box, *DD*; or from the atmospheric pressure itself on the same box, *DD*, the top and bottom surfaces of which are made of a thin diaphragm of metal, and corrugated, to enable them to act more freely. The vacuum having been made in the box, *DD*, by an air-pump, through a pipe, *r*, which is closed after the exhaustion, the two surfaces are compressed by the weight of the atmosphere. The bottom surface is, however, fixed at its centre on the bottom frame; and the top surface has, soldered at its centre, a piece of brass, *m*, through the extremity of which a pin is put, to lie on the short arm, *k*, of the iron lever, *cc*, that rests on two knife-edge pieces, *nn*, as a fulcrum, and is pressed upwards by the coiled spring, *s*, which at the same time separates the two surfaces of the box, *DD*, previously compressed by atmospheric pressure, as before described.

For temperature correction, there is introduced into the box, *DD*, before it is removed from the air-pump, a certain quantity of gas, (not atmospheric air,) which, by the expansion or contraction of its

volume, compensates for the effects produced by variable temperature.

The equilibrium of the lever, *cc*, is maintained by the downward pressure of the atmosphere on the box, *DD*, and by the upward pressure of the spring, *s*, as shown in the following illustration.

It is evident from the annexed outline that when the varying force of the atmospheric pressure on the box, *DD*, becomes less, the spring, *s*, raises the lever, *cc*, and turns the indicating hand to the left side, as seen by the dial-plate; and when the atmospheric pressure increases, (or presses more on the box, *DD*), the spring, *s*, in its turn is pressed downward by the lever, *cc*, which turns the hand to the right.

The end of the lever, *cc*, fig. 1, is connected by a rod, No. 1, with an arm, No. 2, fixed to a pivoted arbor, on which is also fixed another arm, No. 3, connected by a small chain, *u*, to the vertical arbor which carries the hand, and to which a flat spiral spring is secured, so as to pull the hand in one direction. The bow piece, No. 4, connects the two arms, No. 2 and No. 3, so as to enable them by the screws, *e* and *b*, to adjust their position and length, to make the indicating hand of the aneroid indicate the same scale as the mercurial barometer. This adjustment is made by screwing or unscrewing the above-mentioned screws, *e* and *b*.

To set the aneroid with a standard barometer.—The aneroid barometer may be adjusted by the screw, *a*, fig. 1, at the back of the box, which when screwed or unscrewed, presses or relieves the spring *s*, and which turns the hand of the aneroid. The notch and pin at *p* prevent the spring from turning round when the screw, *a*, is being turned.

We subjoin the results of four journeys to Dover by the South-Eastern railway, showing the differences of heights between each station and London Bridge terminus. We regret that we have been unable to procure the corresponding official levels, but such is our confidence in the aneroid barometer, and in the care with which the trials have been made, that should discrepancies occur, we should be inclined to back the aneroid results. During the time occupied in travelling, the register of a mercurial barometer was kept at Dover and London, and correction made for the variations. London Bridge terminus is taken as zero:—

London to Dover.

Stations.	Differences of heights between every Station and the London terminus.
London Bridge	000 feet.
Croydon	150
Merstham	270
Reigate	230
Godstone	220
Eden Bridge	164
Penshurst	121
Tunbridge	70
Paddock Wood	42
Morden	72
Staplehurst	72
Headcorn	71
Pluckley	114
Ashford	139
Blyth	243
Folkstone	152
Dover	46



In the down journeys a singular disturbance of the hand was observable from Folkestone to Dover, when passing through the tunnel where frequent openings are made to the sea. On passing these openings the hand instantly moved '025, and as instantly resumed its proper position, indicating a sudden and temporary change in atmospheric pressure. On the up journeys no such vibration in the hand was observable. There is always a difference in the speed of the up and down trains between Folkestone and Dover, and the peculiar sound, too, on passing the openings, is not so sensible on the up journey; but whether or not the rate of travelling has anything to do with this apparent contradictory evidence of change in atmospheric pressure, the indication itself is proof of greater sensitiveness in the aneroid than in the mercurial barometer.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, Nov. 16.—The Rev. J. Browne, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, was admitted *ad eundem*; and the following degrees were conferred:—
Masters of Arts.—O. C. Funnell, Wadhams; H. Stohart, Queen's; Rev. W. W. Spicer, Rev. N. J. Spicer, Christ Church; Rev. G. Pardoe, W. Feetham, St. John's; Rev. J. F. Moor, Rev. J. Y. Nevill, Oriel.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. H. Birley, Balliol; G. A. Hulbert, Trinity; W. M. Sutton, Merton, Grand Compounders; A. Loveday, Balliol; A. G. Bleck, H. G. Metcalfe, J. Sheldon, S. Soames, Trinity; J. G. Wood, Merton; L. A. Cramer, E. R. Jodrell, New Inn Hall; M. Guerici, Edmund Hall; B. T. Saunders, Magdalen Hall; J. Ferguson, Queen's; D. Brown, C. W. M. Bartholomew, J. G. Bourne, Exeter; G. Howard, R. Howell, Christ Church; C. J. Fuller, S. J. Wombey, St. Mary Hall; R. H. McGachen, J. Polehampton, T. Bruton, Pembroke; J. S. Hilliard, T. A. Willis, St. John's; C. Coker, Fellow of New College; G. Pemberton, Scholar of Jesus; G. Gillett, Oriel.

Cambridge, Nov. 22.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Master of Arts.—W. H. Acret, Queen's.
Bachelors of Arts.—W. J. Carver, W. V. Turner, Magdalen; J. P. Cammington, Christ's; F. Harris, Catharine Hall; John Jones, W. L. Wynne, St. John's.
W. F. Handcock, B.A., of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, was admitted, *ad eundem*.

THE MANCHESTER ANNUAL SOIREE.

This literary festival appears from all accounts to have gone off with *éclat*. From five to six hundred persons filled the great room, and shortly after seven o'clock the business of the evening commenced by Mr. Robinson, the secretary, reading apologies from several invited guests, (not including that in the *Literary Gazette* of last week, but) from the Archbishop of Dublin, Lord Nugent, Mr. Alison, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Gleig. Lord Mahon, the president, addressed the company in an impressive speech, in which he took a comprehensive view of the progress of knowledge within the last century, and referred to ancient literature, history, and the arts, as exemplified by Greece and Rome, to illustrate his subject, which was done throughout in a manner to extort very warm plaudits from his audience. Mr. Milner Gibson followed, and dilated upon the progress of social improvement; and Mr. J. D. Morell, an education government inspector, Mr. Robert Bell, Mr. George Godwin, and Mr. Bright, severally addressed the meeting on various topics suited to the occasion. The mayor, Mr. Potter, was then called to the chair, and on the motion of Mr. Mark Philips, seconded by Mr. James Crossley and Mr. Brotherton, thanks were voted to the chair and acknowledged. Three times three cheers were given to Lady Mahon, on the suggestion of the mayor. The hall was cleared, and about eleven o'clock a ball commenced, and did not end till four.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Geographical, 84 p.m.—Medical, 8 p.m.—Royal Academy, 8 p.m. (Anatomical lecture.)
Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 84 p.m.—Zoological, 9 p.m. (Mr. Gray on the affinities of Pecten; Mr. Sowerby on new species of Cancellaria and Orulium; Mr. Churton on a collection of Insects from New Zealand, &c. &c.)
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.—Geological, 84 p.m.—Botanical, 8 p.m. (Anniversary.)
Thursday.—Royal, 4 p.m. (Anniversary)—Antiquaries, 8 p.m.
Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 p.m.—Westminster Medical, 8 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

On Monday evening, the first meeting of the Institute took place, the President, Earl de Grey, in the chair. The room was crowded by gentlemen—many of them of distinguished professional eminence and celebrity in the fine arts. His Lordship proceeded to present the medals and other premiums which had been awarded last session, and performed the task in a manner which seemed to double the value of these tributes to their gratified recipients. Nothing could exceed the courteous and kind feeling of the addresses, nor be more appropriate than the sensible observations and advice in regard to the fine arts which accompanied them.

The Soane Medallion was given to Mr. James MacLaren, of Edinburgh, for a Design for a Building to contain Public Baths; and very happy allusions were made to the modern Athens, and its intellectual pursuits.

The Silver Medal of the Institute to Mr. Henry Bayly Garling, associate, for the best Essay on the application of Sculpture and Sculptured Ornament to Architecture.

A copy of Sir W. Chambers' Treatise on the Decorative Part of Civil Architecture to Mr. Thomas Hill, student, for a Design for a Garden Pavilion, &c.

A copy of Gwilt's Encyclopedia of Architecture, to Mr. Bright Smith, student, for the best series of Sketches from subjects given monthly by the Council during the session.

And the Royal Gold Medal of the Institute to Charles Robert Cockerell, Esq., R.A., Professor of Architecture in the Royal Academy of Arts, London, in testimony of his distinguished merits as an architect.

On presenting the latter, his Lordship paid very handsome compliments to Mr. Cockerell, whose genius and general accomplishments well merited them; and Mr. Cockerell returned thanks with much delicacy and effect. The medal is a large gold one by Wyon, and her Majesty's head upon it—the finest and most beautiful we have ever seen on coin or other work of art. His Lordship said that Prince Albert had cordially espoused the cause of the Institute, and that this exquisite production was finished under his auspices.

In conclusion, a description of the Cathedral Church of St. Isaac, recently erected at St. Petersburg, by the Chevalier de Montferriand, honorary and corresponding member, was read by Mr. T. L. Donaldson, hon. sec.; and a number of drawings and sections served to afford perfect ideas of this superb and massive structure.

THE BRITISH GALLERY.

LAST week the studies from Old Masters, left by their liberal owners for this purpose, were exhibited at the British Gallery, and afforded satisfactory evidence of the talent with which our young and rising school is bent on cultivating the arts. Copies in oil and water-colours, in many instances, displayed much ability, though there was nothing to call for especial remark or criticism. The very nature of the exhibition, indeed, seems to forbid that sort of comment which is due to mature exertions or to ancient works. Suffice it to say, that as younger efforts, graceful female productions, and a few of higher character, there was a great deal of pleasure and promise in this year's gallery.

Rembrandt and his Works, &c. By John Burnet, F.R.S. Bogue.

Who so competent as the author of the *Practical Hints on Painting*—himself a painter of deserved celebrity, and an engraver surpassed by none—to throw a Rembrandt light upon the works of that great artist, and his masterly triumph over some of the most difficult achievements of art. Our admiration of the illustrious ornament of the Dutch school has ever been intense; and we have, therefore, the more cordially enjoyed Mr. Burnet's Essay, in which his principles of design, chiaro-scuro, and colour, are not only explained with true artistic knowledge

and feeling, but his etchings and pictures are exemplified in a style not inferior to the originals. A higher panegyric we could not bestow; but no lover of the burin can look through this volume, and observe how it has been employed in several ways, without acknowledging the extraordinary power and effect of these examples. They exhibit the wonders of Rembrandt, and are themselves very extraordinary productions.

In opening his subject, Mr. Burnet justly remarks: "To arrive at a true knowledge of the inventions and compositions of Rembrandt, it is necessary, in the first instance, to examine those of Albert Durer, the Leonardo da Vinci of Germany. The inventions of this extraordinary man are replete with the finest feelings of art, notwithstanding the Gothic dryness and fantastic forms of his figures. The folds of his draperies are more like creased pieces of paper than cloth, and his representation of the naked is either bloated and coarse, or dry and meagre. His backgrounds have all the extravagant characteristics of a German romance, and are totally destitute of aerial perspective; yet, with the exception of the character of the people and scenery of Nuremberg, he is not more extravagant in his forms than the founder of the Florentine school, and had he been educated in Italy, he in all probability would have rivalled Raffaele in the purity of his design. In his journal, which he kept when he travelled into the Netherlands, he mentions some prints he sent to Rome, in exchange for those he expected in return, and it is mentioned that Raffaele admired his works highly. The multitude of his engravings, both on copper and wood, which were spread over Germany, influenced, in a great degree, the style of composition of those artists who came after him, and accordingly we see many points of coincidence in the compositions of Rembrandt."

"Those who accuse Rembrandt of vulgarity of form, might with equal justice draw an invidious comparison between classic Italian and high Dutch. In many of his compositions he has embodied the highest feeling and sentiment, and in his study of natural simplicity approaches Raffaele nearer than any of the Flemish or Dutch painters. Of course, as a colourist and master of light and shade, he is all powerful."

"We perceive a peculiarity entirely his own—that of enveloping parts in beautiful obscurity, and the light again emerging from the shadow, like the softness of moonlight partially seen through semi-transparent clouds, and leaving large masses of undefined objects in darkness. This principle he applied to compositions of even a complicated character, and their bustle and noise were swallowed up in the stillness of shadow. If breadth constitutes grandeur, Rembrandt's works are exemplifications of mysterious sublimity to the fullest extent. This 'darkness visible,' as Milton expresses it, belongs to the great founder of the school of Holland, and to him alone. Flinck, Dietrick, De Guelder, and others his pupils, give no idea of it; their works are warm, but they are without redeeming cool tints; they are yellow without pearly tones; and in place of leading the eye of the spectator into the depths of aerial perspective, the whole work appears on the surface of the panel. There are none of those shadows 'hanging in mid air,' which constitute so captivating a charm in the great magician of chiaro-scuro; not only are objects of solidity surrounded by softening obscurity, but the contiguous atmosphere gives indications of the influence of the light and shade. To these principles the art is indebted for breadth and fullness of effect, which constitute the distinct characteristics between the early state and its maturity—and to Rembrandt we owe the perfection of this fascinating quality."

In some of his pictures it is more like magic than human agency. We remember a curious proof. In one of the British Institution exhibitions, some years ago, the birth of our Saviour in a lowly stable, by Rembrandt, was exposed, and on a very bright morning a thin veil of calico was spread over the skylight, so as to moderate the glare, and permit the gallery to be properly seen. We were examining this

masterpiece with minute attention, when, by an accident—a small rent in the curtain above—a ray of light, almost equal to what a lens would transmit, was thrown upon the canvas. The disclosure was remarkable. Between the straws of the thatch a thin thread of ultramarine was visible, and left no doubt that the deep brown shadow (for Rembrandt is never black, but rich, revealing, as it were, objects from the darkness, as nature does to the eye as it looks into Night) was painted upon that brilliant ground. Lord Farnborough and Mr. Seguir were called to witness the phenomenon, and were perfectly convinced of the manipulation thus discovered. We forget to whom the picture belonged, but shall be glad if this anecdote should be attached to its possession. Well might Mr. Burnet say of Rembrandt's effects:—

"Like the lustre of precious stones, their luminous colour shines from the centre, not from the surface."

We will not attempt to go farther into this work. No artist or amateur will be satisfied with a review of it. They must have it; and will in it have some of the most successful etchings after Rembrandt that could be wrought by any other needle than his own, and some of the most striking mezzotints that ever exemplified his marvellous doings with light and shade. Two hundred years have elapsed, and Rembrandt has had no imitator worth mentioning, and no rival at all. We thank Mr. Burnet for the pains he has taken, and the talent he has shown in demonstrating these facts.

The Babes in the Wood. Cundall.

THE production of a noble and accomplished lady, these illustrations of one of the most popular of nursery legends rather court compliment than criticism. We cheerfully and deservedly grant them, therefore, in most of the designs both fancy and feeling, and, but for what we must consider a radical mistake, we should be ready to allow them a higher meed of praise. We allude to the antique Germanic style in which the whole are drawn; giving us giant proportions instead of truth, and conventional characters instead of nature. Surely the black letter of the text did not imply that the figures should be those of Cranach, Albert Durer, Holbein, or the Blacksmith of Antwerp.

Glancing over the subjects, the title page is very graceful, and the first piece, the death of the parents interesting, and the border a very appropriate and well-conceived allegory; but what Titanic and muscular limbs the Babes have got, (the eldest "not passing three years old," and the youngest about two). In the next plate they are again far too large and tall to represent the story at all, or furnish an idea of their infancy. On the next, they are a big boy and as big a girl; and their wicked uncle (up to whose elbow they reach) wears an expression of tenderness and sorrow, at odds with the typical spider webs in the accessorial department. His bribing the murderers is thoroughly old school; and the following, the ruffians taking the children to the wood, in the same manner; with muscular display, and the least bloodthirsty of the two portrayed (by way of contrast) as a mild and humane "best of cut-throats." Their struggle is like the handling of such a combat by a lady, rather than by Michael Angelo. The two babes and the robin redbreast form a pleasing idea; but still, and in the two concluding pictures, there is the objection of monstrous legs and arms. The former of these is the most touching of the set: the latter rather spoiled by the countenances in death, particularly that of the girl, which is so decidedly bad, as almost to be ludicrous. A specimen of one of the prints, coloured, accompanied the volume, and offers a more taking appearance for young admirers of the Arts.

Portrait of Eliza Cook. Drawn on Stone, by British Willis, from a painting by J. Watkins.

We have at length a portrait we can approve of this true, sweet, and natural poetess; executed in a tone and style not unworthy of the subject. The artist, especially the painter, as yet (we presume) young and little known to fame, have done themselves much credit by

this work simple, the and the ac a sea view (Landseer) on the shob desire to impro Cook, who three fair v motto, for tions, and genuine fr discreet on ment of th and inflam and evil i lower, not spects their great feelin mind our nitions app more grati our experi are very tr the applau won, as h ling the pati tined to m cult of nec ascend it carefully p considered the summ lofty region lity and s resemblance portfolio an ings are ap

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We daro who have long-estab offices in apprehensi be perfectl temporary exaggerate nervous a scoped an several of this result really goo

this work. The likeness is good; the costume simple, the countenance thoughtful and expressive, and the accessories picturesque and congenial—viz., a sea view, a favourite Newfoundland dog, (worthy of Landseer), and a bonnet and glove thrown carelessly on the shore. The effect of the whole is all we could desire. Few writers of verse have contributed more to improve the better feelings of mankind than Eliza Cook, whose productions are now sufficient to fill three fair volumes. Hearts and Homes might be her motto, for she delights to portray the heart's affections, and the happiness of home scenes. She is a genuine friend to the people, but at the same time a discreet one, who does not contemplate the improvement of their condition by exciting their prejudices and inflaming their passions. She can see the good and evil in all ranks, and aims at building up the lower, not pulling down the higher. In other respects there is great nature in her descriptions, and great feeling in her humanity. We are proud to remind our readers that some of her earliest compositions appeared in the *Literary Gazette*; and still more gratified in knowing that the friendly advice of our experience at that trying time, (for such *débuts* are very trying) is still remembered by her, amid all the applause she has since so justly and copiously won, as having been essentially serviceable in pointing the paths by which Genius must proceed, if destined to make its way and triumph. Steep and difficult of access is the bi-forked hill, and no one can ascend it by leaps. Footstep by footstep must be carefully planted, and the vision from every rise well considered, and then comes the glorious approach to the summit. Our poetess has cultivated the less lofty regions, below the epic or tragic range, with fidelity and success; and we think this "counterfeit resemblance" of her will be welcome to adorn many a portfolio and apartment, where her interesting writings are appreciated as they ought to be.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LIFE ASSURANCE.

No. IV.

We are assured by the numerous communications we have received on the subject of Life Assurance, that these brief papers, bringing new features into view, and referring to old for the sake of the information generally to be acquired from age and experience, possess a great and widely-spread interest for the public. The prospectus of an office has been laid before us, the complete novelty of whose plan is calculated to attract the very anxious attention of a considerable class of persons, who have been or may be, desirous to secure policies on their lives for the benefit of survivors. It seems to be of the *juste milieu* order; a bridge of connexion wanted between the robustly healthy and the somewhat sickly banks of the stream of human existence. The society has taken the city-honoured name of Gresham; and in conjunction with the ordinary branches and business in common with other companies, proposes to undertake "the assurance of lives, which, although not disesteemed, nor having a strong tendency thereto, have been declined by other offices." With reference to the other parts of the scheme, we shall say nothing beyond the opinion, that they seem to us to be judicious, and applicable for useful and advantageous working; but with regard to the peculiar division noticed above, we think it will be acceptable to many readers that we should offer a few remarks.

We dare say there are thousands of individuals who have been rejected by the cautiously-conducted, long-established, and exceedingly wealthy Assurance offices in London. The greater sensitiveness or apprehension of the medical examiners, the desire to be perfectly or close to perfectly sure, some merely temporary symptomatic affection in the applicant exaggerated into a cause for permanent alarm, even nervous agitation at the process of being stethoscoped and manipulated like a horse for sale, and several other accidental circumstances, have led to this result, and the severe disappointment of many a really good and, at all events, easily calculable Case

There was no help for it, but to go home dispirited and hypochondriac, live on in fear and disquiet, and not impossibly have life shortened by the feelings thus experimentally created. Now, we do like the idea of such persons being capable of being *re-assured*. If they have weaknesses, not to be terrified as if they were certainly "bespoke;" but really to know that there are most intelligent physicians who do not consider them to be utterly "gone coons."

Old proverbs tell us that bending ice is toughest, that creaking vessels often last the longest, and that ailing bodies do not always die the soonest. They ought not, therefore, to be deprived of hope, nor excluded from the consolation of having made some provision for a beloved wife or infant family.

This is the desideratum which the Gresham offers to fulfil. Even within our own sphere, we have seen a number of rejected addresses to the richest Assurance companies; and we are, accordingly, ready to give entire credit to the assertion, that "the experience of the best informed and most intelligent actuaries establishes, that a large proportion of lives thus declined are not unsound lives, but are rejected very frequently because the life is supposed to be a trifle below the average. In such cases, the party proposing to be assured becomes one of the 'declined' lives; and if he seeks the benefit of Life Assurance, is generally compelled to resort to Offices which insure *diseased* lives at rates of premium not at all adapted to his particular case."

So we have thus brought it before the public for the notice it appears to us so particularly to deserve.

ORIGINAL,

AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

THE late Archdeacon of London (Joseph Holden Pott) and his niece, Mrs. Fry, spending an evening with the late Mr. O'Keeffe and his daughter at Greenford, the ladies amused themselves, contrary to the author's wish, with drawing lots in Shakespeare (the first folio edition). The Archdeacon opened the book at a page in "As You Like It," his finger placed on this passage,—

"Tho' not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage."

The next day the author sent the Archdeacon the following verses, which produced from the "venerable" and amiable divine the annexed spirited *jeu d'esprit*, the original of which, in his own handwriting, is carefully preserved by Mr. O'Keeffe's daughter:—

To the Rev. Archdeacon Pott, Northall.

Whilst cheered by Hope, with doubt and awe,
We think upon the coming day,
Not well the mystic veil to draw,
Which droops athwart our future way;
Yet so unerring laws ordain,
By means unthought of we're prepared,
For Shakespeare, tho' of class profane,
Hath often sacred truths declared.

And tho' in death our Shakespeare lies,
Tho' long extinct his "muse of fire,"
No charms of ours to bid him rise,
No witching spells his speech require;
When Piety and holy Zeal,
And meek-eyed Charity appear,
The coming truths he can reveal,
To prophecy distinct and clear.

For scrippage here be understood,
The Pastoral staff—not Joseph's hope,
Nor Joseph's wish—the means of good,
A nobler, and more ample scope;
And be it yet the Lord's command,
His benediction thus increased,
To place the Crozier in the hand
Of Lincoln's Prebend, Northall's priest.*

Greenford, 9th August, 1811.

The whimsicality of the Archdeacon's answer next morning, contrasted with the serious verses of the comic dramatic writer, may amuse the reader.

To John O'Keeffe, Esq., Greenford, Middlesex.

My valued friend, whose laurelled crown
Not Shakespeare's self would scorn to own,

* He was at that time Archdeacon of St. Alban's, Prebend of Lincoln, and Vicar of Northall, Middlesex.

Had I a harder fate incurred,
For trespass on a father's word,
When he whose well-poised generous soul
Spurns at the changeful day's control;
Bids us not tempt the boding page,
But merry be like him and sage;
Meet had it been—but Avon's bard
Revealed a sentence not so hard;
For poor and low he marked my lot,
And fixed me to a lonely spot;
He placed me where I wish to be,
In Shepherd's weed, and low degree;
Think not, my friend, by sleight of hand,
To change the doom—the word must stand.
You turn'd the volume to its self,
And would not peep to find yourself;
But think not that you lie concealed,
Your own frank page has all revealed,
And given you naked to my view,
Kind, open, easy, honest, true.

But, my grave Sir, how'er you chide
Our frolic, you the guilt divide;
You try what conjurings can do,
And deal in hocus-pocus, too;
The firm decree you twist about,
And make a lord of Shakespeare's lout;
Hey, presto! then to make us laugh,
A scrip becomes a Bishop's staff!
When Sancho's wallet scarce suffices
To cram one chaplain ere he rises;
But Scrip from Scribo must be brought,
So Lingo says, with Latin fraught.
From Scribo, Scribbling comes mayhap,
And thus we both may find our cap;
Take it—it fits you to a T,
And sits, methinks, as close on me.

PROVERBS AND POPULAR SAYINGS.

If your plough be jogging you may have meat for your horses.

He that sings on Friday, shall weep on Sunday.

In every country the sun rises in the morning.

Pull down your hat on the wind side.

Barley straw is good fodder when the cow gives water, *i. e.*, never.

A grunting horse seldom fails its master.

The cow hath calved. He hath got what he expected.

To-morrow morning I found a horse-shoe.

An inch an hour, a foot a day.

The dirt bird (or owl) sings, we shall have rain.

What we do not to-day, we must do to-morrow.

Three dear years will raise a baker's daughter to a portion.

He that would have good luck with horses, must kiss the parson's wife.

It is ill to drive black hogs in the dark.

He that was born under a three halfpenny planet will never be worth a groat.

A cough will stick longer by a horse than half a peck of oats.

Curst cows have short horns.

Who would keep a cow when he can get a pottle of milk for a penny!

A collar's cow, and an alo-wife's sow, are always well fed.

The better day, the better deed, (?)

Nothing so certain as death and rent days.

He never broke his hour that kept his day.

To-day a man, to-morrow a mouse.

To-day me, to-morrow thee.

The longest day must have an end.

'Tis day still while the sun shines.

The evening crowns the day.

When God wills all winds bring rain.

I see the moon, and the moon sees me,
God bless the moon, and God bless me.

M. A. D.

P. B. 1848.

BIOGRAPHY.

Charles Heath, Esq., the eminent Engraver, died rather suddenly, on Friday morning, the 17th, at his residence, Seymour-place, Euston-square, aged sixty-four. The father of Mr. Heath was one of the most successful artists of his time, in the same profession; but the profusion of production of every kind with which the son, during many years, enriched the country and adorned the art, almost caused the great merits of his predecessor to be forgotten. Mr. Charles Heath might be said to be the founder of a school; and he carried to a wide extent the practice of working by pupils and individuals under his direction, to whose labours he put the finishing strokes, and gave them to the public with his name. This accounts for the multitude of very able and beautiful performances, which no single hand, nor ten pair of hands, could have supplied. The newspapers state erroneously that he was the inventor of the

"Annual," the original idea of which was imported from Germany, entertained for a season by Messrs. Rodwell and Martin, and first carried into execution by the late Rudolph Ackermann. That Mr. Heath highly improved upon the plan, and wrought it out, in various forms, with immense energy, enterprise, and talent, is well known; and that the results were not always so remunerative as they might have been, was, perhaps, in some degree owing to his not being contented with one or two adventures, but putting, as the saying is, too many irons in the fire, so as to cause a rivalry and competition even among his own publications, and more or less to the injury of each. Even the spirited co-operation of Lady Blessington in the literary department could not altogether remedy this error in trade. The extraordinary number of engravings with which, since the beginning of this century, Mr. Heath has gratified the general taste, and cultivated the judgment of the public, will for ever remain a proof of his unceasing activity and fine talents. He was liberal, unassuming, and generous; and the arts and artists of his country have reason to mourn his loss. In private life, he was gentlemanly and intelligent; and in his domestic circle, affectionately and deservedly beloved. After *Art's* fitful fever he sleeps well; the Book of Nature's Beauty is for ever closed to him: *Requiescat in pace!*

The Rev. Charles Hoyle, A.M., Vicar of Overton, Wilts, died on the 13th, aged seventy-six, thirty-six years of which he was vicar of that parish. As the author of "Exodus," "The Pilgrim of the Hebrews," and other poems, his name claims a record in the literary obituary.

Sir John Barrow.—We can only announce the sudden death of this eminent author, and in many ways most highly distinguished individual. He died yesterday, at his residence, New Street, Spring Gardens, between twelve and one o'clock, after taking his usual walk in the park. Sir John was born in 1764, and was consequently 84 years of age. He is succeeded by his son, well known to literature as a worthy follower in the footsteps of his father.

John Jackson Cuff, for so many years the universally known landlord of Freemasons' Tavern, died at Brighton, on Thursday, aged 69. He was a man of considerable bulk, and of him poor Hook humorously said, "If your Cuff is so large, what would a Collar be?"

THE DRAMA.

WITH the exceptions of *Drury Lane* and the *Adelphi*, the theatrical attractions continue to be, as we recently stated, less favourable than they ought to be at this season of the year. *Covent Garden*, even at reduced prices and with salaries correspondingly reduced, can hardly keep open house, though the attractions are of high order, the alterations in the performances frequent and liberal, and several singers of great and acknowledged ability sustain the principal parts. Mr. Sims Reeves, with his magnificent tenor organ, almost unrivalled on the English stage, Miss Lucombe, a charming singer, but, in our judgment, more to be appreciated in the concert-room than on the boards, supported by such vocalists as Mr. Whitworth, Mr. Corri, Mr. Travers, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Borran, Mrs. D. King, Miss Romer, Miss Rainforth, Miss Messent, and an undeniable chorus and orchestra, one would imagine enough to command full houses; such, we regret to say, is only rarely the case—thin audiences being the rule, bumpers the exception. Last Saturday, Miss Bassano was added to the already powerful company, and, after her two years' absence, made her re-appearance in the English version of the *Donna del Lago*. Her fine contralto told with great effect in the music of Donald Graeme, and she was warmly cheered throughout the opera, and called before the curtain at its close. On this occasion the house was fully attended.

At the *Haymarket*, Mr. and Mrs. Kean are delighting respectable audiences with the delineations of some of their best histrionic efforts; the lady especially is "winning golden opinions from all sorts of men," by the truthfulness of her portrayal of two

such variously shaded characters, as *Viola* in *Twelfth Night*, and *Pauline* in *The Ransom*. On Wednesday a new two act drama, from the fluent pen of Mr. Bourcicault, called the *Knight of Arva*, was brought out and met with decided success. It is a neatly constructed play—the plot well laid and developed, and the language, with occasional exceptions, easy and graceful; the principal characters are well acted by Messrs. Hudson, Tilbury, Rogers, H. Vandenhoff, and Clarke, Miss Reynolds and Mrs. W. Clifford.

At the *Princess's*, matters are no better than at the larger Opera House, for here also the performers' allowances have, we are told, been of necessity shortened, though *Love in a Village*, well cast, with the sweet tenor of Mr. C. Braham in *Hawthorn*, a clever farce called—and with Oxberry and Miss Stanley as—*The Model Couple*, and *Midas*, ever amusing, (*Apollo*, Miss Poole,) have been played thrice a week to applauding audiences; and on other nights Mlle. de Roissi has been singing charmingly in standard operas.

At the *Lyceum* on Monday, the *Merry Wives of Windsor* was produced, Madame Vestris appearing for the first time this season. She was greeted with an enthusiasm, that shows how welcome she ever is. She played the character of *Mrs. Ford*, and sang the music with a freshness that left nothing to be desired. Long may she cater for us, and produce us an entertainment so complete in all its various parts, that even the lynx-eyed critics fail to find a flaw. Mr. Cooper made his bow for the first time here in the part of the "jealous Ford." *Anne Page* was neatly done by Miss Fitzwilliam, who adds value to everything she undertakes. Now-a-days, it is only Charles Mathews and Meadows who can play *Master Slender* and *Sir Hugh Evans*, and here we found them. If Granby's *Falstaff* be not our notion, we know not where to look for a better; and no praise too lavish can be accorded to Mrs. Yates's admirable acting of *Mrs. Page*. The whole play is a great treat. On Thursday, a farce of the "dual" order, called *Two Owls in One Toy Bush*, the birds cleverly sustained by Mr. F. Mathews, and Mr. H. Hall, was brought forward; but its success was very equivocal, and it will probably be withdrawn, or rarely repeated.

The *Adelphi* seems to be the "pet" theatre; it is always crammed, and on Monday was excessively so. On that evening, a burlesque on Shakspeare's *Tempest*, by the Brothers Brough, transported from Liverpool, where it has met with great success, was added to the attractions. It is very smartly written—full of new and old, good bad and indifferent jokes; and, being capitally put upon the stage and acted by the *Adelphi* company, including O. Smith, Paul Bedford, Munyard, Mme. Celeste, Miss Woolgar, and Miss Taylor, was as successful here as it has been in the country. Some of the bits are exceedingly good, and the *Enchanted Isle* is already an established favourite. Mr. Munyard's *Caliban* deserves especial notice.

At *Drury Lane*, *Julien's Concerts* go on most successfully, and the theatre is nightly thronged. The selection of the music is judiciously varied, but *God save the Queen*, and the *Huguenots*, hold their way, as they well deserve, so massively treated as they are by the combined bands of the theatre and the four regiments.

Royal Playing.—The theatricals at Windsor Castle, under the direction of Mr. Charles Kean, are stated to be fixed for the holiday time, between Christmas and New Year's Day—the 28th of December. The theatre, it is added, will be in the Rubens' Room, and the scenery and decorations by Mr. W. Grieve and his assistants. This reminds one of the olden times, when His or Her Majesty's servants were called upon to divert the court. We wish we had a Jonson or a Thomson to write masques, and leave something for posterity beyond the actor's transitory art.

Wednesday Concerts.—On Wednesday a projected series, under this title, was commenced at Exeter Hall. Many of our best concert-performers appeared; and a very miscellaneous, and very long entertainment was successfully produced.

Mr. Maurice Power, the son of the lamented Tyrore, has made his first appearance on the stage at the Park Theatre, New York, as the *Irish Ambassador* and *Teddy the Tiler*. The journals of that city speak very favourably of this *début*, and the promise it gives that practice will raise our young friend to eminence, as a comedian, in the line so admirably filled by his father.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE HIDDEN DELL.

O'er a wide heath whose purple bloom had fled,
Or fallen low for winds a sweep about,
Just as Aurora showed her drowsy head,
As if to wake or slumber still in doubt,
Straight from the path—the rude, broad path, scooped out
Abrupt and startling, there appear'd a dell,
At whose green mouth the silver waves did pout,
Then panting onward seem'd with pride to swell;
Then down the rocky cleft with lipping music fell.

By root, or rock, or hanging bush I sped,
Until a broken arch and gate were seen,
That to a strange deserted garden led;
O'ergrown, and all one melancholy green:
Save here and there some flowery shrub between,
Or ancient statue from its column cast,—
A majesty of grandeur that had been
A memory of the proud and prosperous past.
Stood haughtily in decay—still stately to the last!

With sighs the woods unto my step replied,
And from the trembling leaves hung many a tear
Which the stern winds, as angry, brushed aside—
For what might tears avail, gaunt ruin here?
Nor grief could change, nor gleam of gladness cheer,
The desolation and the blight around;
Yet one lone flower, like infant beauty, near
Kiss'd with its honey'd lip the withered ground,
And smiled upon the thorns to which its bloom was bound.

Something, I knew not what, detained me there;
'Midst grandeur and neglect I wander'd on,
Till, all at once, the path showed touch of care;
In golden groups the tended flowers shone,
Bright as Love's footsteps, and as swiftly gone—
A broken rose-stem with a riband tied,
Told of a maiden's hand—some lovely one
Perchance still near—quick sought I every side,
But still nor fluttering veil nor vestment white espied.

Anon the pathway turned—a steep ascent—
Then lost itself in venerable shade;
My very breath with toil seem'd almost spent,
When shot a gleam of silver through the glade.
Some bird its home and happy nest had made
By path, which human footstep rarely chose;
Willing to seek, and yet to stir afraid,
Tiptoe I followed where the dim boughs close,
And looking down beheld—my Maiden of the Rose:

Half hid 'mid waves and weeds the maiden stood,
Bathing her beauteous limbs in the deep brook,
Whose waters clasped her in a pearly hood;
Or, flowing fondly, stole an upward look;
As of her beauty they some portion took:
Then, turning, leapt upon her waist—whilst she
From her white hands the liquid sparkles shook,
And cast them in the air, like diamonds free,
A thousand times more pure, more beautiful to see.

Ere long the sun lighted the crystal mass
Like a Cathedral window, stained and high;
The glistening ripples shone like colour'd glass,
Crimson and gold, and many a gorgeous dye,
As rich and quaint as Gothic heraldry!
Whilst she, reflected there, seem'd like some saint
Descended from the mansions of the sky;
Her sparkling bosom all too fair to paint—
And oh, a face and form that made the gazer faint:

Straightway a swan came sailing up the stream,
To which she call'd, and with a timid grace
It sidled near her: quiet as a dream!
The Nymph kept, like a statue, in her place
Then sudden stoop'd, and scatter'd in its face
A thousand wave-drops—back it fled in fear—
Ruffled its brilliant feathers from the chace,
Then slowly round its sidelong course did steer,
Stretch'd its broad wings, and boldly darted near!

As flew the swan so flew the maiden fair;
Then caught a scarf, with which the boughs were drest,
And flung it o'er its wings—it sprang in air!
Flashed the white waters from its panting breast,
Whilst she laughed loud, and mocked its ruffled crest:
Seeming some creature of ethereal birth;
How long a butterfly besought her quest—
Up flew the scarf in light and playful mirth,
The Butterfly and Maid seem'd both too bright for earth!

Lured by the sound of waters, soft and shy,
From 'neath the woods a dappled fawn tripp'd slow,
Gazing advance with ever restless eye,
Until half gained the singing stream below:
Anon he listen'd—unresolved to go.

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Then did the merry drops in music sink!
Onward he leapt all eager for its flow,
And bent his beautiful head as if to drink,
Unconscious he of nymph close watching at the brink.

Swift flew the scarf! the dappled fawn was caught!
It plunged, it swerved—away the wavelets flew;
With matchless grace the maid her captive brought
Amidst the weeds, and kept it struggling through;
Then tighter round the silken bandage drew:
It reared, it leapt! the stream in fountains spread!
Oh, Love, the sport, the strife, between the two!
At last a rush of waters o'er her head
O'erpower'd the laughing nymph, and free the glad fawn fled.

Swift with the racing fawn I hurried thence,
Nor let one breaking branch my haunt betray,
But left to sweetness and to innocence
The Beauty and her bath, and stopp'd away;
Guarded by angels be her sanctuary!
Still her companions prove the swan and fawn,
Still happy with the butterfly to play,
Bathe in the brook, or dance upon the lawn,
Or meet with lips of song the golden grace of dawn.

CHARLES SWAIN.

Nov. 1, 1848.

THE BEACON.

In the dull grey of morning,
When but a single star
Threw o'er the heaving waters
Its radiance from afar;
The winds had sunk to stillness—
The waves played low and soft,
When "Beacon" doled to windward,
Was sung out from aloft.

Like Hope's inspiring banner
To sorrow's eye unfurled!
Like the lightning flash of Freedom
To a long enslaved world!
Like a single gem that brightly
In Beauty's bosom glows;
In the dull grey of morning
That ocean star arose.

Its fellow star of heaven
Was speeding to the west;
Another clime to hallow,
And smile upon its rest:
Dimmer it grew and dimmer,
As purple tinged the grey;
Till in the flashing sunlight
Its glory pass'd away.

We near'd the lonely Beacon—
Its lamp was turning pale;
Its lamp of hope and mercy
To the seaman in the gale.
And I prayed on it a blessing
Of Him who rules the land,
And holds the mighty ocean
In the hollow of his hand.

J. P. D.

VARIETIES.

Middlesex County Lunatic Asylum.—The sum of 138,000*l.* has been voted by the magistracy for the building of a new county lunatic asylum on Colney Hatch, and Mr. George Myers is appointed (subject to the approbation of the home secretary) to build it according to the plan to which the prize of superiority was awarded.

The Sea Serpent.—Captain McQuhae has written to the *Times*, defending his actual Sea Serpent from the science of Professor Owen. He denies the possibility of its being a Phœna of any species; re-describes its appearance to negative that hypothesis; re-affirms its length to have been ascertained beyond a hundred feet; states (as we supposed) that he never had read Pontoppidan's account before he saw the real thing; and, in fine, rather *pook-pooks* the learned Professor's objections.

Cambridge Education.—The new system adopted at Cambridge has already begun to show life. The Professor of Moral Philosophy announces lectures thrice a week, to commence in February, and subsequent examinations on the subjects and books to which the lectures have referred.

Lord Rector of Glasgow.—Mr. Macanlay has been elected Lord Rector of Glasgow by a majority (in all the four Nations) of 52, over the late Lord Rector, Colonel Mure; the numbers being 255 to 203.

"Can Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?"

—Till our *Gazette* was published on Saturday, we had forgotten our notice of the "Sun-dial of Armoy," written some time ago, and waiting for insertion, (see p. 757, middle col.); to which we would now more particularly refer our readers, with a melancholy satisfaction, the death of the pious and learned author, Dr. Mant, Bishop of Dromore, having occurred above a fortnight since. There was, however, no flattery in our honest tribute.

Follow my Leader, it is not; but it is, follow my Paragraph! A fortnight ago, we made a few remarks on the ways in which pieces of original intelligence, and other matters, were copied from one journal into others—whether honestly, with the source quoted—piratically, without acknowledgment—gipsy-ways, stolen and disguised—or inadvertently, from the first-hand pilferers whose thefts were unknown to the respectable copyists. In this guise, it is very amusing to see how particular statements get into almost universal circulation, (such is the genius and science of the selectors,) and afford striking proofs of the general information and intelligence of the press! If the first Sheep jumps over a hedge, and stumbles upon a Mare's Nest, the rest are sure to leap after and into the same marvel. We subjoin a paragraph which has, within the last fortnight, appeared in almost every newspaper in Great Britain:—"Wooden Gunpowder."—From sundry recent experiments, the fact is established, that fine sawdust or rasped wood, steeped in a mixture of concentrated sulphuric and nitric acids, and afterwards washed and dried, will explode similar to common gunpowder, and if rightly managed, with much greater force. The greatest wonder about it is, that the fact has not been discovered earlier.—*American paper.* It is, indeed, the greatest wonder that the penny-a-liner should be so ignorant as not to know it, and the editors so simple as to take the absurdity for granted. The fact has been as well known for many years as that London is the capital of England.

Typhoon.—A dreadful typhoon occurred in the China seas on the night of the 31st of August. In the forenoon, the barometer at Hong Kong fell so remarkably as to excite great alarm; and at half-past two, when the tempest was wildest, sunk to 28.92. Great destruction ensued, both at sea and on shore.

Storm.—The Cattegat was visited by a violent hurricane on the night of the 25th of September, by which several vessels were wrecked, and otherwise much damage sustained.

Cygnets, when first hatched, are of a slatey grey, inclining to mouse colour. The time of incubation is six weeks, or thereabouts. A common notion in Norfolk is, that the cygnets cannot be hatched till a thunder-storm comes to break the shells, and that the hen will go on sitting till the birth of her young ones is complimented with that portentous salute.

Ocean Monarch.—The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, with their usual promptitude and zeal to reward exertions made to rescue human life from the perils of the deep, purchased from Mr. Dent a gold chronometer, which their Lordships presented to Capt. Joaquim Marquis Lisboa, commanding the Brazilian frigate Affonso, and the following is the inscription engraved upon it by order of their Lordships:—"Presented by the Lords of the Admiralty to Captain Joaquim Marquis Lisboa, commanding the Brazilian steam frigate Affonso, for the humanity and activity displayed by him in rescuing many British subjects from the burning wreck of the Ocean Monarch."—*Morning Chronicle.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Arnold's *Eloge Horatiana*, Part I., 12mo, cloth, 5s.
Banking Almanack and Diary, 1849, 8vo, cloth, 5s.
Burnet's Rembrandt, 4to, £1 11s. 6d.
Clara Fane; or, Contrasts of a Life, by L. S. Costello, 3 vols., £1 11s. 6d.
Cook's (Eliza) Poems, 3 vols., vol. 2, fcp. cloth, 5s.
Du Gué's French Grammar, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Elliott's (Rev. E. B.) *Vindice Horarie*, 8vo, cloth, 8s. 6d.

- Episodes of Insect Life, 8vo, plain, 16s.; coloured, 21s.
Fawcett's (Rev. J.) Church Hides in the Neighbourhood of Scarborough, 12mo, cloth, 3s.
Fergusson's (James) True Principles of Beauty in Architecture, imperial 8vo, cloth, 30s.
Fox's (S.) Noble Army of Martyrs, 18mo, cloth, 2s.
Foster's (John) Lectures, second series, fcp. cloth, 6s.
Frekes (H.) on Organization, 8vo, 4s.
Grant's (James) Gordon Highlanders, second edition, 4 vols. in 2, post 8vo, cloth, 21s.
Haskoll's (W. D.) Clerk of Works and Young Architects' Guide, 18mo, cloth, 5s.
Hicks' (Rev. J.) Catechetical Lectures on the Childhood of Jesus Christ, 12mo, cloth, 4s. 6d.
Hodges' (J. F.) First Book of Lessons on Chemistry, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Jamieson's (A.) Mechanics of Fluids for Practical Men, 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
Jones' (H. M.A.) Christian's Example, 12mo, cloth, 3s.
Lanzi's Luminaries of Painting, by the Rev. G. W. D. Evans, post 8vo, cloth, 9s.
Lays of the Western World, 4to, morocco, illuminated, £3.
Legal Year Book, Almanack, and Diary for 1849, 8vo, 6s.
London's Tales for Young People, 3s. 6d.
Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, vol. 31, 8vo, cloth, 18s.
Mind's Sermons, vol. 2, 12mo, cloth, 6s.
Office Book for Architects, Builders, &c., 1849, 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Parlour Library, vol. 22, 12mo, 1s.
Pritchard on Man, new edition, 8vo, cloth, 36s.
Smyth's (Rev. C.) Sicilian Vespers, 12mo, cloth, 2s.
Taciti Opera, edited by Ritter, vols. 3 and 4, 8vo, boards, 14s.
Taylor's Young Islanders, 12mo, cloth, 6s.
Thomson's (A.) Chronology of Prophecy, post 8vo, cloth, 8s. 6d.
Trevelthan; a Cornish story, by W. D. Watson, 3 vols. post 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.
Walpole's Letters to the Countess of Ossory, 2 vols. 8vo, second edition, 30s.

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1848.	h. m. s.	1848.	h. m. s.
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28 . . .	— 48 18.2		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our correspondent, whose post-mark is in the Isle of Wight anticipates truly that having been published elsewhere is an objection to admission in the *Literary Gazette*, otherwise we should be glad of any occasion to promote the cause of Ragged Schools.

B. Liverpool, S. B. Newcastle, received. The Brussels matter is cut of our sphere; and the several communications which were too late for last week, but available thereafter, shall have due attention.

We do not know what use we could make of Lieutenant Sabben's communication.

The reviews it has been our duty to offer on publications of an immoral and irreligious tendency, (such as Mr. Parker's in our last No.) have, from a similarity of name, been erroneously imputed by strangers to the respectable publishing firm of Messrs. Chapman and Hall. In justice to that house, we are bound to say, that we never met with a book issued by it, to which a single objection on either score could be made. Of several published by their neighbour, Mr. John Chapman, it has been out of our power, with truth, to say the same; and we regret that, whilst so often called upon to compliment the former for the sound principles which have directed their enterprises, we have been compelled to condemn the opposite spirit in some of the productions given to the world by the latter.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Catalogues will be sent on application.

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TO VISITORS TO THE CONTINENT, and to **ARTISTS**.—Messrs. J. and R. McCracken, Foreign Agents, and Agents to the Royal Academy, No. 7, Old Jewry, beg to remind the Nobility, Gentry, and Artists, that they continue to receive Consignments of Objects of Fine Arts, Baggage, &c., from all parts of the Continent, for clearing through the Custom House, &c., and that they undertake the Shipment of Effects to all parts of the world.

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